

Sports Illustrated

A full-page photograph of Joe Montana, quarterback of the San Francisco 49ers, in action. He is wearing a red jersey with the number 16, a gold helmet with the number 16, and is in the process of throwing a football. The background is a blurred stadium crowd.

JANUARY 26, 1982 \$1.50

SUPER BOWL PREVIEW

GUNNING FOR GLORY

**Joe Montana
of the 49ers**



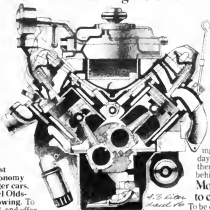
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The other is a transverse-mounted version, which is now available



Cutlass Ciera

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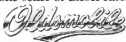


Diesel mileage estimates.

MODELS	Year Type Class	Est. Mile Range	Est. MPG	Est. Range
Cutlass Ciera	(V6)	16.4	42	688
Cutlass Supreme	(V6)	19.8	36	712
Cutlass Supreme	(V8)	19.8	34	673
Cutlass Coupe	(V8)	18.2	34	618
Delta 88	(V6)	26.0	30	836
Ninety	(V6)	26.0	30	836
Cutlass Coupe	(V8)	22.0	30	792
Delta 88	(V8)	22.0	30	792
Ninety	(V8)	22.0	30	792

Our estimated mpg's compare your mileage and range due after depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and range (less range estimates) are obtained by multiplying EPA and highway estimates by the full tank capacity. *Estimates based on California "Motorcycle" and maximum with one driver, additional on Delta 88. †Estimated provisions of 1982 Cutlass Ciera EPA estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates. See your dealer for details.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If our production manager, Gene Ulrich, should ever have a chance to sell his professional soul to the devil, he might strike the bargain if the inducement were a little more time to close the magazine. For some 20 years one of Ulrich's responsibilities has been to see that final layouts, along with the appropriate pictures and headlines, get to the engraver in time to get onto the printing presses in time to be bound and delivered on time. And through all those years the editors have been pressing him for later deadlines, so that SI might be ever more on top of the news.



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN GENE ULRICH

To Ulrich, the essence of his job is "making creativity practical." At the moment he's fine-tuning a plan that will make elaborate coverage of the March 15 Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney heavyweight title fight practical. It will be the most ambitious crash closing in the magazine's history—as many as a dozen color pages and the cover will be allocated to an event taking place 24 hours after our usual deadline and in Las Vegas, 2600 miles from our editorial offices in New York. By comparison, next week's Super Bowl coverage, no small undertaking in itself, will be child's play.

Indeed, in a way, every issue has been child's play since June 1979, when Gene closed down Air Ulrich. Up to that time our main engraving op-

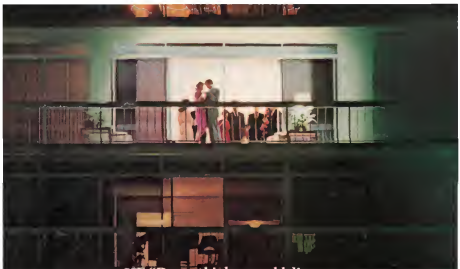
eration was in Chicago, and Ulrich had to send out the late-closing elements of every issue by air each Sunday night from New York. For a time, the last plane to Chicago departed at midnight; then it was 11 p.m., then 9. Sometimes Ulrich had to charter a jet. When the thin red line between a reasonably risky closing and a ruinous one approached, Ulrich might simply seize pictures or layouts from the hands of the editors and say, "That's it. We've got to go." And go he did. Rather, one of his couriers went, because each package was hand-delivered. And not a few times the courier had to walk the last mile to the engraver when his cab from the airport into Chicago got stalled in a blizzard.

Sometimes Ulrich had to use inexperienced couriers. One got himself to Chicago, all right, but left the guts of the magazine behind at the New York airport. Another entrusted the material to a stewardess—who took it home, in Chicago. "We had a hell of a time finding it," says Ulrich. Now SI's engraver is 40 minutes away by cab, and Gene is gratefully out of the air biz.

Not that Ulrich really minded having to operate at such a remove. After all, he's the only man we know who proposed to his wife by mail. In 1952 he and Lorry Bonaguidi were writers for a Chicago-based florists' magazine, after which Ulrich, a World War II Coast Guardsman, found work on a ferryboat in Maine. He got to missing Lorry and popped the question. She said yes by return mail. "Who could afford long-distance calls in those days?" says Ulrich. Today Lorry is the managing editor of the magazine *Homeowners How To*, and, of course, no stranger to deadlines herself.

When Ulrich is assured that an issue of SI has been properly put to bed, he may be found cruising around on Long Island Sound in his 25-foot sloop, *Scrimshaw*. The only deadlines out there are the ones he sets for himself.

Philip W. Hawley



HE: "Do you think we could slip away
without being missed?"
SHE: "Probably not. It's our party."



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A LEGACY OF CONSCIENCE AND WIT

In the early days of television, Red Smith was briefly persuaded to step out of his accustomed role as a newspaper sports columnist to do some racetrack commentary on the tube. As the horses paraded into the paddock behind him, Smith, facing the camera, was obliged to describe them while casting backward glances toward the paddock, which isn't an easy task. After a while, he simply gave up, turned his back to the camera and, engaging as always, began contentedly discussing the nags. You're not supposed to turn your back on your audience in TV, which may be why Smith's career in that medium was short-lived, but he was free to do something of the sort in his beloved column. A self-effacing man who remained unimpressed by the Pulitzer Prize and other honors bestowed on him, he just wrote what he saw and felt and invited his readers to take a look over his shoulder if they so desired.

Smith died last week at the age of 76, four days after revealing in his *New York Times* column his intention to cut his output from four pieces a week to three. He left behind 55 years' worth of marvelous stuff. After the fourth game of the 1947 World Series, in which Floyd Bevens lost his no-hitter and the game as a result of Cookie Lavagetto's punch double with two out in the ninth, Smith wrote, "The unhappiest man in Brooklyn is sitting up here now in the far end of the press box. The 'v' on his typewriter is broken. He can't write either Lavagetto or Bevens." Twenty-five years later, after Oakland beat the Reds in the World Series, Smith alluded to the congratulatory postgame hugging among the triumphant A's: "And so, as Bobby Tolan contemplates a plunge into the turgid Ohio, we uptown silently away from Riverfront Stadium and a love scene of almost unbearable tenderness."

He wrote with as much conscience as wit, and was sometimes biting. To Smith, George Steinbrenner was George III,

Bowie Kuhn was "the greatest commissioner since Spike Eckert" and amateur sports officials were amiable cubs who could be found to be "breathing heavily, stuffed shirts heaving from exertion." In the same column in which that last phrase appeared, he also wrote, "The gentlemen who rule our amateur sports have many attractive qualities such as heads." His prose took on an even sharper edge when the Olympic brass decided to resume the 1972 Munich Games following the massacre of Israeli athletes: "Walled off in their dream world, apollingly unaware of the realities of life and death, the aging playground directors who conduct this quadrennial muscle dance ruled that a little bloodshed must not be permitted to interrupt play."

In a profession not always free of backbiting, Smith was revered by his colleagues. He was unfailingly generous in assisting young writers. One of them was Ira Berkow, who as a college student made so bold as to write Smith a letter. A correspondence developed, and, with the older man's encouragement, Berkow became a sportswriter, eventually joining the *Times*. He wrote Smith's front-page obituary last week. Berkow says the first time he ever took notice of Smith's byline was in 1958 over an account of a middleweight title fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Carmen Basilio that included this passage: "When he [Basilio] was declared the loser, he dropped to one knee, blessed himself, remained bowed there for a long moment of prayer. Then he rose, lifted both hands in salute to the crowd, and departed—loser and a true champion."

"I literally cried when I read that," Berkow recalls. "The next time I read one of his columns, I laughed. I was going to be a lawyer until I read Red Smith."

A SHORT STOP IN A LONG SEASON

All right, a little quiz. How many current college basketball players can you come up with whose first names are the same

as the surnames of major league shortstops, past or present? The University of Detroit's Aparicio Curry? Easy. San Francisco's Crossetti Speight? Too obvious for words. For full credit, you'd also have to have mentioned the likes of Boston College's Burnett Adams (Johnny Burnett was a shortstop with the Indians from 1927 to '34). Weaver Blondin of the University of the District of Columbia (Buck Weaver hit .272 in nine seasons with the White Sox), Houston Baptist's Boone Almanza (Ray Boone was a sometime shortstop for the Indians and the Tigers in the '40s and '50s), and Alcorn



State's Stanley Davenport and Purdue's Russell Cross (the A's Fred Stanley and the Dodgers' Bill Russell are still active).

Sorry, only half-credit for Louisville's Scooter McCray.

MAYO HOLDOUT

Ready for another one? O.K., here goes. What famous athlete recently helped the Mayos top the Tomateros but wants more lettuce?

Answer: The Los Angeles Dodgers' Fernando Valenzuela, who pitched for most of the current Mexican winter league season for the Novojos Mayos, a nickname that refers to an Indian tribe of that name. Two weeks ago Valenzuela hurled a seven-inning no-hitter for a 1-0 win over the Culiacan Tomateros, whose nickname means tomato growers. Last week Valenzuela was in the news again when salary talks were held between his agent, Antonio De Marco, and the Dodgers, with the club reportedly offer-

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SCORECARD *continued*

ing something like \$350,000 a year and De Marco demanding \$1 million. Despite the \$650,000 difference, we assume there's still a better chance that Valenzuela will be tossing baseballs than salads next summer.

PARDON ME WHILE I GLOAT

To judge by the bumper stickers being seen these days in New Orleans, Tulane fans are enraptured by their football team's big win on Nov. 28 over LSU, only the third time the big-city Green Wave had beaten its upstate archrival in 33 years. The stickers read: CULTURE #8, AGRICULTURE 7.

A 20-YEAR DEARTH

The recipient of the 1981 Sullivan Award, presented annually by the AAU to the outstanding U.S. amateur athlete, will be announced at a banquet in Indianapolis on Feb. 15. In our view, the finalist most deserving of the honor is Evelyn Ashford, who won the 100- and 200-meter dashes at the 1981 World Cup in Rome, a double she had also accomplished at the 1979 World Cup, and who lost only one race in those two events during the year. But it certainly wouldn't be a miscarriage of justice if Ashford were edged out by Carl Lewis, the University of Houston junior who in '81 had the best long jump (28' 3 3/4") and 100 meters (10.00) ever at sea level.

A victory in the balloting by either Ashford or Lewis, both of whom are black, would represent a breakthrough, because, amazing though it may seem, only four blacks have won the Sullivan since it was first awarded in 1930, none since Olympic sprint champion Wilma Rudolph did so in 1961.

Why have blacks fared so poorly in the Sullivan balloting? There was known to be a lot of white-only sentiment among voters in the 1930s and 1940s, which helps explain why Jesse Owens was passed over for the '36 award in favor of another of that year's Olympic champions, Glenn Morris, who won the gold medal in Berlin in the decathlon. The color line was ultimately broken by half-miler Mil Whitfield, who won the Sullivan in 1954. He was followed by another track star, Harrison Dillard, in 1955, decathlete Rafer Johnson in 1960 and, finally, Rudolph.

There are several more or less credible explanations for the Sullivan's recent lily-white cast. Although football players

continued

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used to be considered for the Sullivan, the last one to win was Army Quarterback Arnold Tucker in 1946. Apparently on the theory that enough other honors are heaped on them, football players have been excluded from Sullivan balloting in recent years. Similarly, since 1976 no basketball player has been included among the 10 finalists chosen annually by an AAU committee. That year Indiana University's Scott May, who's black, was an also-ran behind Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner. Football and basketball, of course, are sports in which blacks are prominent, but then, performers in golf and tennis, both white-dominated sports, have been excluded on a de facto basis from Sullivan consideration in recent years, too.

In trying to further account for the failure of blacks to win the award, one AAU insider points out that Sullivan voters tend to be partial to "multi-event" athletes, like swimmers, gymnasts, speed skaters and decathletes; indeed, most of the winners since '61 have been multi-eventers. By contrast, boxing, in which it's possible to win only one medal at a world championship or Olympics—and in which blacks excel—has never produced a Sullivan winner.

Still, it's an embarrassment, if not a scandal, that Bob Beamon wasn't even a finalist in the Sullivan balloting in 1968, the year of his electrifying 29' 2½" long jump. The winner that year was swimmer Debbie Meyer. And it's cause for raised eyebrows that before basketball fell out of favor with Sullivan selectors, the only two participants in the sport to win the award were Bill Bradley and Bill Walton, both white. And, similarly, that Edwin Moses finished second in 1977 to swimmer John Naber. And that Renaldo Nehemiah was runner-up in 1979 to gymnast Kurt Thomas. As for the 1981 award, some of the 2,000 media people, amateur sports officials and former winners who participate in the mail balloting, which will conclude on Feb. 8, may be tempted to cast their votes for such candidates as swimmer Mary T. Meagher, diver Greg Louganis or figure skater Scott Hamilton. But Ashford and Lewis are the class of the field. Not incidentally, both are also multi-event performers. Ashford excelling in the 100 and 200, Lewis in events in both track and field. The time is right to bring the troubling, two-decade-long dearth of black Sullivan winners to an end.

NEEDED: TUTORING IN HANDOFFS

It's no secret that many college football coaches routinely expect their schools to bend their entrance requirements for the benefit of star athletes and then give those jocks all manner of special academic treatment, including, at times, the establishment of sham courses in which the athletes can "hide." Such practices have inspired an anonymous satirical "interoffice memo," copies of which have been causing chuckles in the administrative offices of at least one Midwestern university:

FROM: Chairman, English Department
TO: Head Football Coach

Remembering our discussions of your football men who are having trouble in English, I have decided to ask you, in turn, for help. We feel that one of our most promising scholars has a chance for a Rhodes scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college. He has the academic record for this award but, ideally, should have a good record in athletics, too. He is weak. He tries hard, but he has trouble with sports.

We propose that you give some special consideration to him as a varsity player, putting him, if possible, in the backfield of the football team. In this way, we will be able to show a better college record to the committee deciding on the Rhodes scholarships. We realize that he will be a problem in the field, but, as you have often said, cooperation between our department and yours is highly desirable, and we do expect him to try hard. His work in English Club and on the debating team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he carries an old football around to bounce (or whatever one does with a football) during intervals in his work.

That's those win-at-all-costs academicians for you. Always trying to make football coaches relax their standards. Such nerve.

DON'T FORGET THOSE ABSENTEE YARDS

The Houston Oilers, a playoff team in 1980 with an 11-5 record, slipped to 7-9 in '81, missing the playoffs for the first time in four years. Early in the season the Oilers traded Halfback Rob Carpenter to the Giants for a future third-round draft choice. The two clubs agreed that Houston would also receive a sixth-round choice if Carpenter gained 750 or

more yards rushing. Well, it was that kind of year for the Oilers. Carpenter helped get the Giants into the playoffs and had rushed for 751 yards until Dallas' Harvey Martin stopped him for a three-yard loss in overtime of the Giants' regular-season finale, a 13-10 win over the Cowboys. Carpenter was hurt on the play, which turned out to be his last of the day, leaving him with 748 yards for the season. On the off chance that there had been a mistake in the official stats, the Oilers have asked that game films and play-by-play sheets be reviewed. For whatever it might be worth, which probably isn't much, the Giants indicated they'll be happy to arrange a recount.

PRECIOUS PHRASES, PRECIOUS METALS

The San Francisco 49ers owe their nickname to The Great California Gold Rush of 1849, an event that began with the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill on Jan. 24, 1848. Super Bowl XVI will be played in the Pontiac Silverdome on Jan. 24. A certain 49er fan can probably be forgiven for claiming, in a note last week to San Francisco Chronicle Columnist Herb Caen, that the coincidence of dates is a favorable omen for the Super Bowl-bound 49ers. Less forgivable is the fact that the fellow's missive included this phrase: "As the 49ers dig for gold in the Silverdome..." That prompted Caen to write, "Hoo-boy, hang in there, it's gonna get worse."

THEY SAID IT

● Bill Hamzik, Seattle SuperSonics guard, who was shaken up when knocked out of bounds by Dallas' Allan Bristow, apologizing to Sonik Coach Lenny Wilkens for having missed both resulting free throws: "Sorry, but I aimed for the basket in the middle."

● Carol Mann, golfer, on New Orleans Saints Coach Bum Phillips' crew cut: "It reminds me of a good three-wood lie."

● Tim Krumme, Wisconsin noseguard, on being introduced on TV as a member of the AP All-America football team by Bob Hope: "Looks like nobody guarded your nose."

● Ed Badger, University of Cincinnati basketball coach, asked why the Bearcats don't consent to play a stronger schedule: "I've had a lot of coaches say, 'We'd like to get your little old team on our schedule.' I just say to them, 'I bet you would, but I think I'll wait until I have a big old team.'"

END

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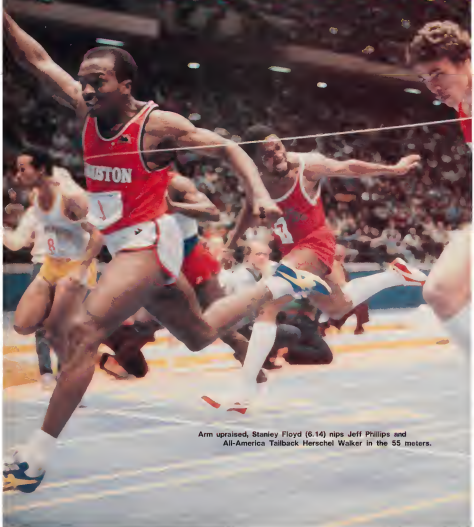
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They're Off: High



Arm upraised, Stanley Floyd (6.14) nips Jeff Phillips and All-America Tailback Herschel Walker in the 55 meters.

Wide And Handsome

Billy Olson had a U.S.-record vault and Carl Lewis a world-record long jump at a spanking new arena as the indoor season sizzled in by **CRAIG NEFF**



CONTINUED

Carl Lewis had been feeling vague, disconcerting pressures. There had been "an avalanche" of media attention last summer, when he emerged as a potential world-record holder in both the long jump and sprints, and was constantly being compared with his idol, Jesse Owens. There had been the painful memory of a strained hamstring muscle that had caused him to pull up lame in the World Cup 100-meter-dash finals last September. There had been talk that he was about to lose his athletic eligibility at the University of Houston, where he is a junior. But now the pressure was clearly defined and squarely in front of him, in the form of a blue plywood runway and a pit of Jersey sand. Lewis had fouled on his first two long-jump attempts at the U.S. Olympic Invitational track meet. One more and, the world indoor record holder (27' 10 1/4") thought, erroneously, he would be eliminated. "I figured I'd play it safe and just try for a legal jump," he said later.

Like the Byrne Meadowland Arena in East Rutherford, N.J., in which the meet was held, the runway is brand-new, and it is lively and long enough (145 feet) to accommodate Lewis' full 21-stride outdoor approach. It is so fast that Lewis had been overstriding on his run-up. On his third jump Lewis eased up slightly in order not to foul again, but he sailed to the right side of the pit and fell backward after landing. His sister, Carol, a freshman hurdler and long jumper in Houston, was nearby. "It was just a pop-up," he told her. "Maybe a mid-26." However, the judges remained in a tight cluster around the pit. "Hey, maybe it was 27 feet," Lewis thought. Finally the measurement was announced: 28' 1", only the fourth legal 28-foot performance in history and the first ever indoors. "It wasn't a very good jump," Lewis maintained. "It was just a night for damaged goods."

Indeed, while Lewis was surprising himself with his prodigious leap, Don Paige, still flushed from his dramatic victory 20 minutes earlier in the 1,000 meters, was standing at trackside with world indoor-mile record holder Eamonn Coghlan, who was in street clothes. As if on

behalf of all the recently wounded athletes—Lewis and Mary Decker Tabb and Paige himself—Paige reached down and grabbed Coghlan's right shin. He wanted to check out the stress fracture that had forced Coghlan to sit out this evening and, indeed, the whole season. Paige playfully probed for broken bones. Then he shook his head, seemingly saying, Eamonn, you should have joined us.

Even the meet itself was staging something of a comeback, having been abandoned in 1981 by Madison Square Garden in favor of a tennis tournament (page 18). For a season, the Invitational simply ceased to exist, but when it resurfaced last Saturday, it appeared better off than before: The rent was lower, the once-used 160-meter plywood and fiberglass track proved as fast as any; and virtually all the athletes who were supposed

to show up did—something unheard of in the sport. The most prominent no-show was a high-jump official—a fellow named Wilt Chamberlain, who didn't appear to pick up the white-and-navy sweatshirt livery issued to meet officials. However, Chamberlain did send along his Los Angeles-based team (Wilt's A.C.) with T-shirts that read: WHERE THERE'S A WILT, THERE'S A WAY.

Perhaps not even the 7' 1" Chamberlain himself could have seen the leader from where Paige was positioned until the last lap of the 1,000—seventh in a field of eight. And it seemed unlikely that even the world's top-ranked 800-meter runner in 1980 could will his way to a win. Paige had strained tendons in his left ankle last January and had missed the entire 1980 outdoor season, which saw Seb Coe and Steve Ovett slash away

at the middle-distance records in Europe. Steeled in his resolve to come back, Paige halted his M.B.A. studies at Philadelphia's Drexel University in March and took a job as an assistant track coach at Villanova, his alma mater. "At 25 I should devote as much energy as I can toward my running," he says. "At 35 it won't be there."

With a lap and a half to go on Saturday, Paige, who had dropped to dead last, showed he still has plenty there. In the third turn he shot high up the steep banking and went into a flat-out sprint. Arms churning, head wagging from side to side, he looked like the Paige of old, the searing kicker who went three indoor seasons (1978, '79 and '80) without a defeat at either 1,000 meters or yards. Passing through the blue-gray pistol smoke into the gun lap, he was the leader. Bepespectated Olympian Randy Wilson chased furiously but never drew closer than a yard. Paige won in 2:21.49, with Wilson second in 2:21.85.

Paige had scarcely hit the tape when a groan went up from the crowd. Pole vaulter Billy Olson had just failed in his second try at 18' 6", half an inch higher than Dan Ripley's 1979 U.S. indoor record. "I was using a longer and stiffer pole than I ever have, but for that try I borrowed one of Ripley's, which was even bigger," said Olson, who had already won the vault. "His pole

Lewis' "pop-up" of 28' 1" popped a lot of eyes.





A sub-seven-second rivalry between hurdlers continued, as Renzido Nehemiah's 6.94 edged Greg Foster (foreground, timed in 7.00).

just kind of beat me up, though, so I gave it back to him."

Shortly before his record attempts, Olson had been under the stands getting chiropractic treatment to relieve a sore left hamstring. Yes, he's a medical case, too. He blossomed in 1980 while at Abilene Christian, clearing 18' 7½" outdoors, but in September of that year shattered his left wrist and dislocated his left elbow in a training mishap.

Although he says he is still "extremely righthanded" from the accident, Olson came back well enough in 1981 to win the outdoor nationals with a vault of 18' 2½". Still, his best indoor jump had been only 17' 10" before Saturday, which made it doubly surprising when he soared far above the bar on his final try at 18' 6". "Oh, man, this is unbelievable," he said. "The runway is great—hard and not real bouncy. It's hard to describe it. It gives you a lift."

Decker Tabb has always contrived to be buoyant through a career beset with injuries and covered in detail by the press, down to every last boyfriend. But just before the women's 1,500, she was apprehensive, because she hadn't run a track race in 17 months, dating back to a

3,000 in Brussels in which her left Achilles tendon tightened to the verge of rupturing and forced her to drop out with two laps to go. She had had surgery on the Achilles in September of 1980, but then last March needed a second operation on her calves (the first was in 1977)—the sheaths around her muscles were too stiff and tight, causing pain when she ran. She had set five American and three world records in 1980, but could compete only twice last year, finishing fifth in the cross-country nationals in November and first in a 10-km. road race in December.

"It's almost like starting over," she had said that morning. And she started, as though making up for lost time, with a blazing 62.0 400 meters. At the finish she was almost a third of a lap ahead of runner-up Josephine White and 7.5 seconds off her own U.S. indoor record of 4:00.8. "I think the record can go at the Millrose [in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 12]," she said, words that Alberto Salazar was soon repeating.

Salazar came into the meet bruised only in the competitive sense. The world marathon world-record holder had lost last year's Millrose 5,000 to Suleiman

Nyambui of Tanzania, who had set a world indoor record in the race, and Salazar wanted a measure of revenge. He got it Saturday—but only after a remarkable comeback and a few bruises.

A lap and a half into the race, while in second place, Salazar was bumped from behind by Solomon Chebor and sent tumbling onto the track. "My first thought was to get up as quickly as possible," he said later. "But then don't overreact. Ease in. I was unsteady a couple of laps." From last place Salazar worked up toward Nyambui, passing him with 26 of the 31 laps left. As few have ever done to Nyambui, Salazar then pulled away, claiming to be oblivious to the crowd's "Go, go, go" chants—"That's all background music," he said—yet seeming to respond to them. His final time of 13:23.08 was a mere .5 off his own U.S. record and nine full seconds faster than second-place Nyambui's.

In his phone call home, Olson more or less expressed what both the athletes and the 12,110 fans were feeling as they filed out into an icy night. "Good, yesh, very good," Olson had said, nodding his head. "They have a brand new place and . . . yesh, it was great."

END



Ivan Was Great, The Tournament Was Terrible

In a chaotic week, Ivan Lendl made a remarkable comeback in the Masters final to win his biggest tournament to date

by BARRY McDERMOTT



Ivan Lendl climbed out of the chaos of the Volvo Masters last week with much more than the thrill of victory in his first important tennis championship. After three years of trying to win a big one, the gifted young Czech had finally lived up to expectations. Sadly, though, so did the eight-man event, which is the culmination of the previous year's Grand Prix tour but once again was plagued by a ludicrous format that shortchanged the fans and had even tournament officials holding their heads in despair.

But just when everyone was ready to pelt the court at Madison Square Garden with rotten tomatoes, along came Lendl to put a better face on an ugly scene. His hair plastered down and his hollow eyes eerier than ever, Lendl was the hangman come calling. In the semifinals on Saturday he roared through John McEnroe 6-4, 6-2 in a devastating display of power tennis. Then in Sunday's final, against Vitas Gerulaitis, he overcame a two-set deficit and a match point to win 6-7, 2-6, 7-6, 6-2, 6-4. That victory was worth \$100,000.

Gerulaitis had planned to attack behind sliced approaches to Lendl's backhand. For the better part of three sets that strategy worked as Lendl repeatedly missed backhand passes. In the third-set tiebreaker, which Lendl had led 4-1, Gerulaitis had match point at 6-5. But instead of following Lendl's second serve in to net, this time Vitas stayed back. Lendl responded with a wicked forehand that set up an easy smash.

From then on Gerulaitis was slower and slower afoot. Lendl had found the range with his backhand and had begun to dictate play with his forehand. When Gerulaitis double-faulted on break point at 2-2 in the fifth set, Lendl thought, "He's tired. This is my chance." Lendl lost only two points on serve the rest of the match.

This was a different Lendl—not the dour one prone to choking in big matches. Now all of 21 years old, he seems ready to achieve the greatness that Bjorn Borg predicted for him almost two years ago to the day. When asked where to look for his next challenger, Borg responded with Lendl's name.

Borg wasn't in New York to defend

Though known as a baseliner, Lendl served notice that he could serve with the best.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MANN MILLAN

Gerulaitis had Lendl down two sets to love but then faltered and let him off the hook.

his Masters title. During his sabbatical from the game, he has been attending to his ailing wife, staying in shape by working out with a Division I hockey team in Sweden—in one impromptu game he scored three goals—and now, undoubtedly, reflecting on how correct he had been as a prognosticator. Lendl's victory in the Masters was his seventh straight Grand Prix tournament triumph, an all-conquering swath cut through six countries on clay, hard courts and indoor carpets. Excluding exhibitions, his last defeat was by Gerulaitis in the fourth round of the U.S. Open in September. Since then, Lendl has won 35 consecutive matches and 75 of 82 sets. Those numbers suggest domination, but Lendl, who has climbed to No. 2 on the computer behind McEnroe, realizes he still has a few fellows to stand and face. While he has won his last three matches against McEnroe, he has beaten Borg only twice in eight tries, and he is 0-8 against Jimmy Connors.

Last week he didn't have to face Connors, who couldn't play his way through the round-robin format used to determine the semifinalists. After defeating Eliot Teltscher 7-5, 6-1, Jimbo lost 6-2, 7-5 to McEnroe. The following night a gutsy performance by Roscoe Tanner finished Connors. Tanner, who had dropped his first two matches and had no chance of qualifying for the semis, played for something he said was more precious than money: dignity. Sucking out his jaw, saving right back when Connors made belittling gestures, and plagued by cramps, Tanner needed three tiebreakers to win. The last set was the

most remarkable, as Connors fought off five match points at 5-3 with Tanner serving. In the tiebreaker, Connors squandered two match points of his own before Tanner clinched it 9-7. "There's at least one who tries," Tanner said.

What Tanner was referring to centers around the round-robin format. The nightmare always occurs on Friday, the third day of play, when defaults and meaningless matches prevail. Assured of berths in the semis, both Borg and Guillermo Vilas defaulted their Friday matches in 1978, and Lendl admitted tanking last year against Connors to ensure he wouldn't face Borg in the semis.

This year it was more of the same. Told by tournament officials after his victory over Connors that he had clinched \$30,000 for winning his round-robin group (that bonus was added this year as an enticement to eliminate tanking), McEnroe stayed out until 2:30 a.m. at a rock concert. But wait! The embarrassed officials discovered they had been mistaken. McEnroe actually needed a victory over Teltscher at the ungodly hour of 1 p.m. Friday to win his group.

What happened that afternoon was a disgrace. First a haggard-eyed McEnroe stumbled through his match, winning only five games and losing 12 of the last 13 points, as the fans booed. Then José-Luis Clerc, who was to play Lendl, was a no-show, claiming tendinitis in his left ankle. That announcement was greeted with cynical hoots because Clerc already had lost twice and was out of contention.

This year the insanity spilled over into Saturday. On Friday, Gerulaitis had beaten Vilas 6-1, 6-4 in a match that

didn't end until midnight. When he heard that his would be the opening match on Saturday to allow McEnroe-Lendl to appear on live TV, Gerulaitis announced he might default rather than play without proper rest. In an effort to placate him, officials moved his starting time from noon to one. The result: untold misery for thousands of fans who had trekked through the slush, snow and cold only to wind up standing outside the Garden waiting for the doors to open. When they finally got inside they saw Gerulaitis defeat Teltscher 7-5, 4-6, 6-2. Afterward, Gerulaitis told the press that his threat had been only "a moral protest."

In the other semi, McEnroe faced an opponent who bore little relationship to the Lendl model of only a short time ago. In 1980 Lendl played a tournament or exhibition virtually every week, but lately he has learned to relax. He spends a lot of time in Greenwich, Conn., where his best friend on the tour, Wojtek Fibak, lives, and at Boca West in Florida, a resort where capitalists enjoy spending lots of money. Lendl has a home on the golf course there, and when not practicing, he often can be found on roller skates, occasionally being pulled along behind an automobile at breakneck speed.

In his opening Masters match against Gerulaitis, Lendl lost the first set and was at 5-5 in the second before a line call upset Vilas, who finally fell 4-6, 7-5, 6-2. By Saturday, Lendl was well over his early jitters, and he dominated McEnroe in a way that seemed almost impossible. "I got my butt kicked," a subdued McEnroe said later. Time and again Lendl's powerful returns handcuffed McEnroe at net, and his service was overwhelming. He exploded five aces past McEnroe, and 10 times Lendl sent winners screaming by him with his whiplash forehand. Rarely even questioning line calls, Mac looked as if he had misplaced his spunk.

Later McEnroe came up with the best evaluation of the tournament. "It's all kind of confusing anyway," he said with a shrug. "I don't even know if this is the last tournament of last year, or the first tournament of this year. It's kind of hard to tell what exactly has happened." **END**



A Case Of Vandalism In Big Sky Country

Nobody, including four teams from the hated Pac-10, has beaten Idaho's no-names. Next objective: Gus Johnson's nail **by JACK McCALLUM**

In the town of Moscow, Idaho, college hoops is a hotter subject than the price of peas and lentils, which is saying something, because Moscow calls itself the pea and lentil capital of the world. Yes, the University of Idaho—bordered by Canada on the north, the state of Washington on the west and the Pac-10 psychologically on all sides—has 'em buzzing at the coffee klatches around town where farmers and businessmen gather each morning to talk about the Vandals.

After victories last Friday and Saturday over Big Sky Conference rivals Idaho State (73-62) and Weber State (59-44), the Vandals were 15-0, one of only four undefeated major college teams. SI ranks them No. 11, and they'll probably move up in both wire-service polls, which last week placed them 14th (UPI) and 11th (AP). Not bad for a school whose principal basketball legacy until this year was the Gus Johnson Memorial Jumping Nail at the Corner Club in downtown Moscow.

"I don't mean to overstate this," says Coach Don Monson, "but I guess this is as big a thing athletically as has ever happened to the school."

Monson, a four-year substitute at Idaho during the '50s ("I never started one damn game here," he says), came back to Moscow in 1978 following a three-year 16-62 downer at Idaho that ended in the dismissal of Coach Jim Jarvis after the 1977-78 season. Monson brought with him a big stick and a 2-3 matchup zone culled from two years as an assistant to Jud Heathcote at Michigan State. "I have to admit he scared me a little bit at first," says his point guard, Kenny Owens. But not half as much as the Vandals scared the rest of the conference last year, when Monson coached them to a 25-3 record in the regular season. The only thing in Vandal history that comes close to that was the 1962-63 team that went 20-6 behind Gus Johnson, who played only one season at Idaho before jumping to the NBA.

Junior Guard Brian Kellerman, out of Columbia High in Richland, Wash., is typical of Monson's current starting five in that he wasn't highly recruited outside of Moscow. But Monson convinced him he could help put Moscow on something besides the commodities map. An all-around player who has everything but quickness, Kellerman is the part that fits anywhere in the Idaho picture. Hampered by back and knee injuries, Kellerman

was off his shooting game against both Idaho State and Weber, but Idaho still won easily, a sign that the team had matured as compared with last season, when it depended heavily on Kellerman, the conference's most valuable player as a sophomore.

Owens, who's from New York City, wasn't thinking about Idaho when he decided to look west for a junior college to improve his grades and chase Treasure



Valley JC in Ontario, Ore. After two years there he came to play for Monson. "Some of my friends back in the city just couldn't figure out where I was going," said Owens.

Center Kelvin Smith liked Virginia (and Ralph Sampson), but when he found himself with only two offers after two years at Taft (Calif.) Junior College, Idaho's looked the better.

Forward Phil Hopson grew up in Portland and wanted to go to either Oregon State or Cal. Neither wanted him. Swingman Gordon Herbert grew up in Penticton, British Columbia—he may be the only basketball player in America whose favorite athlete is Guy Lafleur—an area that got its principal basketball exposure from the Pac-10 TV game of the week. Herbert grew up rooting for the University of Washington and want-

ed to go there, but the Huskies didn't want him.

This season Herbert and his teammates have shown Washington and three other Pac-10 schools what they were missing. The Vandals had a 21.5-point average margin of victory over Washington, Washington State, Oregon State and Oregon. In 1979 Oregon State had beaten Idaho 100-59; Idaho's victory over State in the Far West Classic was by a 71-49 score, a 63-point turnaround. All around the university campus and in Moscow hang signs and banners reading **IDAHO 4, PAC-10 0.**

"I don't know about those banners, because it looks like we're gloating," says Monson worriedly. Which is exactly what they are doing. Pullman, Wash., the home of Washington State, is just eight miles west of Moscow, and any true Muscovite is tired of the Pac-10's greater prestige and power and what is viewed as its irritatingly condescending attitude toward Idaho and the Big Sky conference. And Monson is tired of its edge in recruiting. "The best kids are drawn by the bright lights," says Monson, "and we're not the bright lights."

Actually, to the student population of Washington State, Moscow is the bright lights, mainly because Idaho's legal drinking age is 19, and Washington's is 21. But that's as far as it goes. Loyal Idaho fans wouldn't dream of attending a Washington State game.

"Put it this way," says Butch Shaffer, a pea and lentil trader, "if Washington State was playing against Russia, I'm not sure who I'd root for."

As impressive as the Vandals have been on the road, they've been even tougher in the home-campus Kibbie Dome. Idaho State and Weber State were their 27th and 28th straight victims over a two-year period. The Idaho campus and the town it dominates are a curious mixture of the old and the new. The conservative white citizenry is entranced by this basketball team, which includes six blacks. The Corner Club, a study in decrepitude, is shared by local pensioners, who play pinocle and drink 16-ounce beers (pounders) by day, and the college crowd that streams in to play Pac-Man and drink pounders by night.

Gil Brandt, vice-president of player development for the Dallas Cowboys, was having a beer at the Corner Club one day nine years ago during a recruiting visit and was startled when a customer rode right up to the bar on his horse and ordered a beer.

But the CC is best known for Johnson's nail. In 1963, jumping from a flat-footed stance, the 6' 6" Johnson touched a spot on a beam about 12 feet high, and the spot was marked with a nail. Anyone who can duplicate Johnson's feat can drink for free, but since Johnson did it no one has come close.

There are no Gus Johnsons on the current Idaho squad, and that may be an asset. It is one of the most balanced teams in the U.S., with the five starters each averaging in double figures. Everyone can shoot—the lowest percentage on the starting five (.493) belongs to the slumping Kellerman—and everyone is unselfish. Against Idaho State, for example, Smith and Owens took 10 shots each, and Kellerman, Herbert and Hopson took seven apiece.

Rebounding is another matter. The Vandals are last in the Big Sky in that department, at first glance an unlikely statistical fact for such a dominating league leader. One reason is that Idaho is one of the least physically imposing Top 20 teams in recent history. Herbert, Hopson and Smith are all 6' 6", and only Herbert, who looks skanky, weighs more than 200 pounds. Kellerman is 6' 5", 190. Owens is 6 feet, 180.

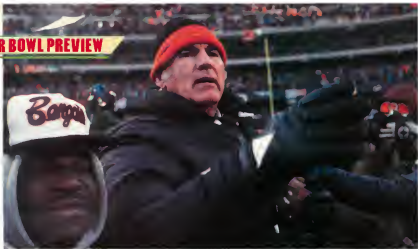
Other reasons are that Idaho shoots so well it gets few offensive boards and that on defense Monson's matchup zone leaves the Vandals in poor rebounding position, particularly on the weak side. On Friday night a missed Idaho State shot actually bounced on the floor once and Idaho never got to it. And the defense has demonstrated from time to time that it can be vulnerable inside. Nine of Idaho State's 11 first-half field goals were short jumpers inside, layups or follow shots before Monson switched to more basic zone play. But Idaho does a lot of things well. It can run the break or a good half-court offense, and it takes high-percentage shots. Its zone usually creates more problems for the opposition than it does for the Vandals, rebounding notwithstanding.

All in all, as they might say in Moscow, you ain't seen nothin' yet. **END**



Beset by Bengals, notably the soaring Mike Denkers, Owens has an eye on the basket.

SUPER BOWL PREVIEW



What's New? These Two

It's San Francisco guile against Cincinnati grit as the 49ers and Bengals make their first trips ever to the big one **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Call this the Upbeat Super Bowl. There are no negative angles. Both the San Francisco 49ers and Cincinnati Bengals present fresh new faces. Forget the old formula that says repeaters beat first-timers. They're both first-timers. There are no losing images, no Minnesota Vikings to kick around. There are no political or courtroom overtones, the vision of the Oakland Raiders grabbing their trophy and hopping the first bus to Los Angeles. And there is no wild point spread. The teams are evenly matched; San Francisco's 1- to 1½-point edge is the tightest spread since Washington was favored by the same margin over Miami nine years ago.

The Bengals at 12-4 and the 49ers at 13-3 had the best records in their respective conferences, and after the impressive way both of them came through the playoffs there is no question that they belong in the Silverdome in Pontiac this Sunday. Yet their meeting provokes no great shiver of excitement, none of the Leonard-Hearns, clash-of-the-titans type of feeling you got when the dynasties

collided, when the Steelers met the Cowboys, for instance.

The word you hear is "interesting," as in "Hmmm, should be an interesting Super Bowl." Cincinnati's Ken Anderson and San Francisco's Joe Montana are the starting Pro Bowl quarterbacks. Forrest Gregg and Bill Walsh are the respective Coaches of the Year, the usual payoff for lifting a team from the losing to the winning side. Perennial winners, the Nolls and Landrys, don't get this award.

Anderson is the more flamboyant quarterback, the more wide open. He'll throw downfield more; he'll run the ball. He gained 300 yards rushing this year, second highest on the club and second highest in his 11-year career. At times there seems to be no logic to his scrambles. Late in the regular-season rout of San Diego, for instance, playing with a 31-10 cushion and a collection of minor bruises, he ran a bootleg, and instead of going out of bounds when the issue was decided, he turned back inside, into the flow of traffic, and got his shoulder banged up. That's Ken Anderson; you

accept the complete package. He's had the best year of his career.

Montana is nifty with his footwork, but he's not a runner. His favorite rushing play is the quarterback fall-down to run out the clock at the end of the game. He scrambles to buy time for his receivers to get open. He'll wait forever, as he did on the roll-out touchdown pass to Dwight Clark that put the Cowboys away, but he rushed for only 95 yards all year. Montana's true value is as the perfect quarterback for the Walsh system, which relies on his ability to stay cool under fire and dodge the first emissary of the pass rush, and his resourcefulness in picking out the one receiver who will inevitably get free.

Perhaps there's just a trace of arrogance here, but Walsh believes that under his scheme someone will always be free, or at least covered by a defender who's out of position. The hot angle for this year's pre-Super Bowl media blitz figured to be Bill Walsh's brainy approach to coaching. The 50-year-old Walsh—who labored as an assistant for

19 years, who developed those pretty offenses only to see other people get the credit—has become a media superstar.

Lord knows, he has paid his dues. After spending eight years in Cincinnati, developing Anderson into a superior NFL quarterback, Walsh was rewarded by a very cold shoulder from Paul Brown when it came time to name a head coach. Tiger Johnson, a Brown loyalist, got the job. Rejections by the Jets and Rams soon followed for Walsh, and when he talks about the old days now, there is a certain amount of teeth-clenching.

The 49er team he inherited was a 2-14 wasteland that had stripped itself of

NFC championship game. So you can't blame him for taking just a little bit of credit, for answering one of the early pre-Super Bowl questions—"Are you a genius?"—with: "I think I'm as expert as anyone coaching football today. Plus I may have an artistic ability that adds a certain flair to what I do."

Gregg's road to the Super Bowl was tougher. It was tougher because he had to survive a well-orchestrated campaign designed to discredit him not only as a coach but also as a person. He got caught in the middle of the Paul Brown vs. Art Modell, Cincinnati-Cleveland border war that was, and is, as vicious as any in football.

Gregg matured in the Vince Lombardi system as an offensive tackle and one of

toughest part was yet to come. On March 3, 1976, he was operated on for a malignant tumor in his left thigh. The doctors told him the cancer might have reached the bloodstream. They told him it didn't look good.

"I remember visiting him in the hospital one day," Barbara Gregg says. "He was lying there with tubes coming out of him, and there were people popping in and out, asking for free-agent tryouts, and there was one guy in the corner with a graphic display and a set of posters, trying to interest him in some business deal. And there was Forrest lying there helpless. He couldn't even throw them out."

"I remember, before he went in for his second operation two weeks later, we were clinging to a thread. We decided to

Gregg (left) and Walsh (below, talking to Montana) are the brains behind the teams, which just one year ago had 6-10 records.



20 draft choices (without a player to show for it on the current roster). The appointment of Walsh, a cerebral type, was greeted with smirking around the NFL: "O.K., the guy's a genius; let's see how many miracles he can work in that place." Walsh did it the hard way, by remodeling the team to fit his image of what a professional team should be. There was no backing in this year. The 49ers beat all the quality teams on their schedule and came from behind in that stirring last-minute drive to beat Dallas in the

the Packers' greatest stars. It was a system so all-embracing that, as his wife, Barbara, says, "We planned it so that both our children would be born in the off-season. We figured coach Lombardi wouldn't have wanted the distractions during the season."

In 1975 Gregg got his first head-coaching job, with the Browns. Cleveland was a veteran team, set in its ways. Gregg demanded discipline. Tough-guy coach, huh? We'll see about that. The team went 3-11, but for Gregg the

keep a stiff upper lip, to try to be upbeat about things, so we went shopping for a complete wardrobe for him. The news about his cancer had been all over town, and the man in the clothing store said, 'Don't you think you ought to wait awhile before you buy any clothes?'

"I said, 'No, dammit! You fit him now!'"

The second operation proved the cancer hadn't reached the bloodstream. The '76 season ended 9-5 and won him Coach of the Year. Next year was up and

continued

down, and Gregg began learning about the underside of the NFL. Every word from his team meetings, everything spoken to his players was finding its way to the front office. There was obviously a spy, but who? Gregg knew it wasn't one of his coaches. Whenever a team meeting was going on, the noise from a heater in the next room would suddenly stop.

Someone was turning it off, to listen more carefully. Finally there was a Monday meeting after a game with the Rams, a 9-0 loss. There was a noise from the closet. The door was pulled open and there was the spy, Bob Nussbaumer, the player personnel director. It was an embarrassing situation, but the message soon came down to Gregg: If you talk

about what went on here, you'll never get another job in the NFL.

To this day Modell denies having any hand in the matter. "When I found out about the incident, I fired Nussbaumer on the spot," Modell says. "Whatever he was doing it for, he wasn't reporting to me. As far as Gregg's being blackballed, that's a total lie. We don't work that way. We're always run a clean operation."

Nevertheless, when Gregg was hired to coach the Bengals in December of 1979 the rumors followed him, that he'd been a martinet who imposed impossible demands on his players, that no one could play for him. Paul Brown accused Modell of starting those rumors, and finally he went to Pete Rozelle and reportedly said, "I got fined \$10,000 for what I said about Modell in my book. How about getting him to lay off my coach?"

"Absolutely and totally untrue," Modell says. "I gave Forrest Gregg his first opportunity as a coach, and you'll never hear me say a bad word about the man. This all sounds like a Paul Brown trick."

Gregg refuses to discuss this aspect of his career. The problems he took on in Cincinnati were different from Walsh's in San Francisco. He inherited talent; the problem was getting it to move in the right direction. There were 11 No. 1 draft choices on the team. Brown had spent the '70s trading away superstars, Pro Bowlers such as Charlie Joiner, Bill Bergey, Stan Walters and Lemar Parrish, and stockpiling draft choices to replace them. He had created a team of rich rookies, and he brought in his cronies to coach them—first Johnson, followed by Homer Rice. The country club atmosphere needed a guy like Gregg to set things straight.

"As soon as he showed up," Defensive End Eddie Edwards says, "we knew the party was over."

Injuries to Anderson and the receiving corps limited the Bengals' effectiveness last season. This year they stayed healthy, and Cris Collinsworth was added at split end. Fortified by this richness in the pass-catch game, the Bengals were able to put in a sophisticated set of optional routes off the most basic patterns. Everything fell into place. The offensive line, firmed up by the emergence of Left Tackle Anthony Munoz as a superstar

continued



Cooper, the 49ers' No. 1 1980 pick, from Rice, is the team's only back who was drafted.



Nose Tackle Reese (right) will try to stop Cincinnati's strong inside running attack.

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and Right Guard Max Montoy as a powerful inside blocker, became one of the best in the NFL. Pete Johnson, his weight down to a respectable 248, took his place alongside Earl Campbell—the two finest power runners in the NFL—and became an effective receiver coming out of the backfield.

"What's the best way to stop Johnson?" Cleveland Linebacker Dick Ambrose was asked. "With a recoilless rifle," Ambrose said.

On Dec. 6 the 49ers were 21-3 winners over the Bengals in Cincinnati. The Bengals lost Anderson with a sprained toe early in the second half. A good many Cincinnati offensive linemen came away from that game with the feeling that perhaps they'd tried to get a little too fancy, that there was a spell in the third quarter, after Johnson had picked up some good yardage, in which the 49er defense was ready to crumble. They felt that a steady barrage with the big guy could soften up the defense and open things up for Collinsworth and Isaac Curtis and Dan Ross, one of the NFL's underrated tight ends.

"Ross and Johnson are the keys to the Bengal offense, plus Anderson's great scrambling ability," says Cleveland Coach Sam Rutigliano, whose Browns were the only team to beat both Cincinnati and San Francisco this season. "They try to get the ball inside to Ross early, and that opens things up deeper. Johnson is very effective as a lay-off receiver, and Anderson will go to that right away. You coach your ends to get containment on Anderson, to keep him from scrambling, but when your ends are worried about containment, their pass rush is limited. The rush must come from the inside. Montana is very similar. He'll dodge an outside rush, and both he and Anderson have great patience, waiting for their receivers to get open.

"The danger against San Francisco is to get impatient on defense, to come apart while the 49ers are piling up first downs. You have to concede them first downs; you have to close on their receivers and hold the gains to a minimum, and you have to play a lot of zone underneath and force them into third-and-short situations, because the running game is the weakness in their offense."

The 49er running game went down with Paul Hofer's knee. The backfield group is made up of trades and free agents and only one draft choice, Earl



The Bengals are expected to try to get the ball short to tight end Ross early ...

Cooper, who has been waging an up-and-down battle to establish himself this year. Every time he broke a 15-yard run the Bay Area papers were full of inspirational stories about his resurgence.

San Francisco's strengths are a punishing and quick-striking defense (Ronnie Lott and the other super rookies in the secondary, Jack Reynolds in the middle, Fred Dean on the flank and Archie Reese at nose tackle), and Walsh's offensive scheme.

"The 49ers' passing game is based on a series of picks that get their receivers free," Dallas Safety Charlie Waters says. "Everybody uses picks, but not as intelligently as they do. There are also some things they do that are almost sandlot—those plays where Dwight Clark starts off one way and then, if he's covered, does a 180-degree turn and comes back—but you can tell they've worked on them a lot, because there's never any confusion there.

"That's the thing that amazes me about their system. With all the new things Walsh puts in every week, there's never any confusion. I want to get into coaching next year, and I'm going to ask Walsh if I can spend some time out there with him trying to learn his system."

The prediction: the 49ers to control the ball, as they did against Dallas, but minus the turnovers. The score: San Francisco 27, Cincinnati 17. **END**

... so they can open up the deep passing game later on to the likes of Collinsworth.



SUPER BOWL PREVIEW

CONTINUED

Walsh's Boys Go Head To Head

San Francisco's Joe Montana and Cincinnati's Ken Anderson are both students of the same pass master

by RICK TELANDER



Montana was the NFC's top-ranked passer and led the NFL in completion percentage.



celebrated "offensive genius" of the NFL, the silver-haired gent who turns out signal callers the way Stradivarius turned out violins? But you don't have to take Walsh's word for it. You can, as they say, look it up.

San Francisco's Joe Montana was the highest-ranked quarterback in the NFC this season. His counterpart, Cincinnati's Ken Anderson, was the highest ranked in the NFL. Montana, who is in only his third pro season and first as a full-time starter, is a newcomer to the top, but as Bengal Coach Forrest Gregg says, "He didn't do it with mirrors. Montana is great." He's so great that last week he had to practice in a No. 19 jersey, 49er fans having glommed all his No. 16s. An-

Anderson, who was also the NFL's top-rated passer in 1975 and '76, just finished his best season ever and now is being swamped with awards, including the league's Most Valuable Player. Indeed, if Anderson were more controversial, if the Bengals played more TV games and if Anderson's given name weren't the real-life equivalent of David W. Gibson, the pallid handle a San Francisco writer gave Montana in a mocking effort to find a nickname for the 49er quarterback, An-

than football, and both were better at it. Anderson, who went to Illinois' Augustana College on a basketball scholarship, had a hoop in his driveway but played most of his games at the house of neighbor Dan Issel, now of the Denver Nuggets. Montana, who turned down a number of basketball grants-in-aid to play football at Notre Dame, had an 8-foot rim at his house "for dunking" and a regulation court at the end of his street.

Both Montana and Anderson are po-

lite, unpretentious and accommodating and will describe themselves right off as "quiet." Anderson, 32, is married and has two children, Matt, 6, and Megan, 2. Montana, 25, is recently married and has two horses, Simmy and Mac. Both have bought homes and settled close to their teams' cities, and both plan to stay after quitting football. Anderson just completed law school and will take the Ohio and Kentucky bar exams this spring; Montana plans to get his master's in business administration. "From what I can tell," says Montana, "Ken's personality seems a lot like mine."

Physically, the two are moderately alike, though at 6' 2½", 208 pounds, Anderson is sturdier than the bird-legged, 6' 2", 193-pound Montana. ("Straighten my bowed legs, and I'd be 6' 5"," says Anderson.) Facially, they're near opposites. Anderson is dark, mustachioed and earnest-looking. Montana is blue-eyed, fair and looks as if he'd short-sheet your bunk. On the field both are good scramblers and throwers off the run. Both were third-round choices of their present teams, Anderson in '71, Montana in '79. Both will be playing in their first Super Bowl. Both are Catholics.

continued



Anderson was the AFC's top-ranked passer and led the NFL in interception percentage.



der son might be recognized for what he is: a superstar.

Unlike many other quarterbacks who have met up in the Super Bowl—Namath and Unitas, Stabler and Tarkenton, to name a few—Montana and Anderson have a lot in common. Both were born and raised in small midland towns (Anderson in Batavia, Ill., Montana in Monongahela, Pa.) located less than an hour from major cities (Chicago and Pittsburgh, respectively). Both are the only male children in their families (Montana is an only child; Anderson has a younger sister), and both played sports year-round as kids—"Whatever was in season," as Anderson says.

As kids, both liked basketball more



WALSH'S BOYS continued

Montana's and Anderson's game stats this year are eerily similar. Anderson attempted 479 passes and completed 300 for 3,754 yards. Montana threw 488 times, completing 311 for 3,565 yards. Anderson's completion percentage, 62.6, was the highest in the AFC; Montana's, 63.7, led the NFL. Montana's interception rate was the lowest in the NFC, Anderson's the lowest in the NFL. Anderson was sacked just 25 times. Montana 26. The only significant difference was in touchdown passes—Anderson had 29, Montana 19. But both led teams that outscored opponents by 13 TDs.

Both quarterbacks threw to wide receiver pairings that are nearly mirror images of each other. Dwight Clark and Cris Collinsworth are the two young, tall, white "possession" receivers. Freddie Solomon and Isaac Curtis are the two veteran black game-breakers. "Our teams are so similar," says Collinsworth, "that the Super Bowl's going to be like an intrasquad game."

If there's a difference in perspective for Montana and Anderson, it's that in his brief pro career Montana has never been booed. Anderson, the 11-year vet, has. After having winning years from 1972 to '77, the Bengals fell below .500

for three straight seasons and Cincinnati fans blamed Anderson, who because of injuries was for the first time in his career throwing more interceptions than TDs. Fans cheered when Anderson got injured against San Diego last year, and this season they booed mightily when he threw two interceptions in the opener against Seattle before being benched in the first quarter.

Anderson nearly quit after that game, but a meeting with Gregg, in which the

was at the beginning of the season. "One thing you learn quickly in the NFL is that the fans are fickle," he says. "You have to divorce yourself from all that. If I have any advice for Joe, it would be just to enjoy the game. The closer you get to the end of your career the more you realize what a great life pro football is."

But the real common thread for Montana and Anderson is Walsh, the quarterback teacher. It's well known that in his first year as coach and general manager



In the neighborhood where Matt, Ken, Bonnie and Megan live, fans have decked out their houses. Ken studies law in the kitchen.



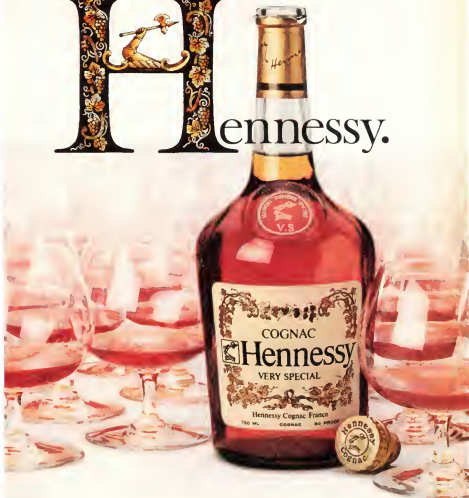
at San Francisco Walsh drafted Montana and made him his special project. And as the quarterback coach at Cincinnati in the early '70s, Walsh did the same thing with Anderson. After persuading General Manager Paul Brown to draft Anderson, Walsh worked with the quarterback for the next five years until, as Walsh says, "Everything Kenny did was perfect, the way I see it."

Anderson attended tiny Augustana (enrollment 2,250) because he could play two sports, because "no big schools recruited me" and because he could fulfill his language requirement with Swedish, which he spoke at home with his father, who knows little English. Anderson soon outgrew small-college competition. He scored more than 1,000 points in his three basketball seasons, and in one football game he ran, threw or kicked for all the Vikings' 38 points. But coming from humble roots—Anderson's father is a retired high school janitor—Anderson

coach promised his support, turned Anderson around. He started the next week in a 31-30 victory over the Jets, and the rest is history. Anderson's wife, Bonnie, has implied that if that game hadn't been on the road and if Anderson hadn't played well, the pressure might have broken him.

"I've only had friends booed," says Montana, shaking his head, "but even that's awful." Anderson now shrugs off such matters, victory apparently having made him more philosophical than he

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"The eaglets on the fishy-smelling platform removed themselves as far as possible from the awful intruder. Covered with chocolate-colored feathers but still showing wisps of white down here and there, they hissed at Holt, their ebony beaks held half open. They were just seven or eight weeks old and had not yet fledged, but their wings already stretched more than five feet from tip to tip and the talons of their yellow feet were large and dangerous. Using the hook at the end of his eagle stick, Holt secured a grip on the leg of one bird, dragged it across the nest, fended off the thumping blows of its wings and turned the eaglet over on its belly, facing away from him."

Did this appear in *National Geographic*? *Field and Stream*? *Audubon*? No, it's from Jim Doherty's piece on the plight of our national bird, *The Eagle is Bonded*. In *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the diversity of subjects reflects the wide-ranging interests of our readers.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

never seriously considered a life in the big leagues.

In the fall of 1970 Walsh arrived at Augustana to scout Anderson in a game against Carthage College. "There wasn't any doubt who Kenny was," Walsh says. "He was bigger than anybody on the field. But what impressed me most was that early in the game Kenny got a hip pointer and could barely walk. At that level they generally cart the guy off, give him a ironbone and let him finish with the band. But Kenny came back and played the whole game. That convinced me he could play in the NFL."

To sell Anderson to the Bengals' brass, Walsh needed a game film of him. Augustana didn't take such movies, and when Walsh finally did get a film from an Augustana opponent, it proved worthless. "Every time Kenny would do something good, the people at the game would stand up and the camera would shake and you couldn't see a thing," says Walsh. "By the time I finished showing that film, nobody was left in the room but me."

The Bengals drafted Anderson anyway, and in February Kenny quit school—he would go back in his first off-season to get his degree in math—and moved to Cincinnati to begin intensive training with Walsh. A sprint-out quarterback in college, Anderson had never dropped straight back to pass. "Basically, I knew nothing," he says. Walsh showed him how to cradle the ball, how to move back into the pocket, how to set up. "We'd literally walk through the steps, counting out the numbers as we went," says Anderson.

There were films and lectures and endless drills on fundamentals. What Anderson got was the now-famous Walsh teaching blitz, the intense reconstruction process. Bengal quarterbacks Greg Cook and Virgil Carter had gotten before him and San Diego's Dan Fouts, Montana and others would get later. Walsh spoke quietly and rationally, joked a lot and emphasized restraint and discipline in throwing. "I don't advocate the discipline of a Marine drill sergeant," says Walsh. "What I try to get across is the discipline you'll see in a ballerina or concert pianist."

A year and a half later he had pro-

duced a starting NFL quarterback, one who would complete 20 of 22 passes in a game against Pittsburgh in 1974 to set an NFL completion-percentage record and who has the lowest career interception rate in NFL history.

"Bill always utilizes his quarterback's strong points, going with whatever it is each one can do best," says Anderson. "The things he did with Cook and Carter and me were very different, for instance, because we were different. But he always emphasizes not throwing interceptions. What he does is make you aware of all the receivers on all plays, so you know who has to be open."

The word out now is that Walsh is gridiron Merlin, a give-me-a-hundred-pounds-of-steel-wool-and-I'll-knit-you-a-sweater kind of guy. But Walsh has had quarterback failures, though he doesn't like to give out names. He knows that to be successful a quarterback must have more than good coaching. The physical attributes needed—a cannon arm, great strength, etc.—are the least necessary assets for success, he says. "I need intelligent people, people without hang-ups that make it difficult to communicate. I don't mean players must have genius IQs. But they need quick, resourceful minds. Joe is exceptionally good at spontaneous decision-making. Kenny is very bright. Every successful quarterback I've had has been very sharp."

Walsh felt so good about Anderson's mental and physical development that when he left Cincinnati in 1976 to coach

at San Diego, he took films of Anderson with him to use as teaching guides. Walsh showed them to Fouts at a time when "Fouts really needed help." Fouts has since become the most prolific passer—measured in yards gained through the air in a season—in NFL history. When Walsh moved on to Stanford, he showed the films to quarterbacks Guy Benjamin and Steve Dils, who each went on to lead the NCAA in passing for a year. At San Francisco Walsh showed the reels to Steve DeBerg, who set an NFL record for most pass completions in 1979, and then to Montana.

"Kenny and Joe have similar traits," says Walsh of the two quarterbacks he has worked with longest. "Both will move under pressure, find receivers and hit them when things look worst. Both will hold the ball and not throw big interceptions. Especially Kenny. I think Joe is the quarterback of the future, an active player who may not always run but who always presents the threat of running. And I think Kenny is the best downfield passer we've seen in recent years."

Montana takes such praise with a smile. Anderson accepts it with a grin, too. "Before the game even starts, Walsh is giving me the old snow job," he says.

But Walsh is quite sincere. Oh, maybe it's a way of putting himself on the back—lauding his progeny like that—but, after all, if Dad can't talk up the kids, who can? It must be a nice feeling knowing that whoever wins the big game, your boy can't lose.

END



Life is a horse of a different color for Cass and Joe, who just recently got hitched.

SUPER BOWL PREVIEW

CONTINUED



Mind You, This Time

When the San Francisco 49ers, my worrisome Niners, moved out to a 24-7 lead over the Giants in the second quarter of their NFC divisional playoff game three weeks ago, I turned to my companion in the end zone of Candlestick Park and said gravely, "It's all over." He nodded somberly in agreement. We weren't lamenting the fate of the Giants, mind you. On the contrary, more than three decades of suffering had taught both of us a painful lesson: When the Niners are ahead in a playoff game, especially if they're in front 24-7, forget it. It's all over. They've had it. The Niners, that is. It's in the history books.

For the rest of the country, the year 1957 was no more eventful than most. Oh, Sputniks 1 and 2 were up there

beeping in the Space Age, but down below everything was cool. Ike was safely back in the White House for a second term, Elvis was complaining about being "all shook up," and Debbie still had Eddie. Life went on. But not for those of us who are now rather coyly known as the 49er Faithful. For us, the year ended on Dec. 22, the day the Niners played Detroit in San Francisco's old Kezar Stadium for the championship of the NFL Western Conference and the right to meet Cleveland for the league title.

It had, till then, been a banner year for the home team. The Alkey-Oop pass play from Y.A. Tittle to gangly R.C. Owens had pulled out a succession of 11th-hour wins. The play, if it could be called that, was a mere lob to the vicinity of the op-

ponents' goal posts, and its success was wholly dependent on the ability of Owens, a former College of Idaho basketball player, to outjump the defenders for the ball, which he regularly did. Assistant Coach Red Hickey persuaded Head Coach Frankie Albert to put the Alkey-Oop in the playbook after he saw Tittle, merely fooling around in practice, try unsuccessfully to throw a ball over Owens's head. "We should practice that," Hickey told Albert. "Practice it!" said Albert. "How do you practice that?" But it frequently worked.

Not that the 49ers didn't have other weapons at their disposal. In addition to Tittle, Halfback Hugh (The King) McElhenny, Fullback Joe (The Jet) Perry and Defensive Tackle Leo Nomellini would



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

champagne with outraged in-laws as fellow season-ticket-holding friends paced impatiently outside and finally scurrying to arrive at Kezar only seconds before the kickoff. As it turned out, I'd have been better off in the bosom of my burgeoning family.

Ah, 24-7. That, alas, was the score in favor of the 49ers by halftime. The fans were preparing to dismantle the dilapidated stadium in exultation. And things got even better. On the first play of the second half from the San Francisco 20, McElhenny ran right, assessing his opportunities as he loomed menacingly along the line with a stride more feline than human. He paused patiently, running in place, as Guard Lou Palatella got the block that released him. Then he flew, as if pursued by demons, cutting diagonally across the worn turf against the flow of

someone in each of those doorways trying to get at me." Mac. Good, sweet Mac. He has spent the better part of a lifetime dodging past those doorways, behind which have lurked bankruptcy, broken dreams (he failed to get the Seattle NFL franchise for the prospective purchasers he was representing) and the usual round of domestic headaches. But he generally makes it to the end of the alley.

He was something in those days. Every long run of his—and he still has the three longest runs from scrimmage and the longest punt return in 49er history—was a work of art, and we Mac-ites collected them avidly in our minds' eyes. This one against Detroit was a near masterpiece, covering about 150 circuitous yards—routine for a Mac gain of 50 yards or more—until he was finally hemmed in and driven out of bounds on the Detroit nine-yard line.

First-and-goal on the nine, ahead 24-7. I mean, this one's all over. That's right, it was. For the Niners. The Lions held, and San Francisco's Gordy Soltau kicked a field goal to make it 27-7. And that was it. The Lions won it 31-27. Who knows how? We were all too stunned to remember. All over the stadium beer cans dropped from the hands of disbelieving fans. It all seemed to happen with a terrible inevitability. And it kept on happening. That fateful game of 1957 was an omen.

The 49ers didn't play another post-season game until 1970, the first of three successive years in which they would lose in the playoffs to Dallas. The last of these disasters, on Dec. 23, 1972, was a replay of 1957. Vic Washington returned the opening kickoff 97 yards for a 49er touchdown, and with only 1:53 left in the game the Niners were leading 28-16. But Roger Staubach got the Cowboys a touchdown in only 32 seconds, and with 1:21 left the Cowboys lined up for an on-side kick. The Niners were ready for this

continued

It's Not All Over

For the author, who long ago learned that even if his beloved 49ers were ahead they were doomed, the frustration has ended **by RON FIMMITE**

make the NFL Hall of Fame. The Niners and the Lions had finished the 1957 season in a dead heat for the division championship with 8-4 records, but San Francisco, coming off three straight thriller wins, was on a roll, and its rowdy fans, present company included, were ready to cut loose. Things looked bad for me for a while. My wife had had our first child only four days earlier, and over my obviously selfish objections, she wanted to come home on the day of the game. I was not then a sportswriter, just a hopelessly addicted fan. On game day, I was as busy as Buster Keaton, fetching wife and newborn baby, quaffing some congratulatory

traffic, seemingly oblivious to the Lions clawing at his flanks. No one I've seen has ever run the ball with quite The King's panache.

He was, in a sense, pursued by demons. As a youngster in Los Angeles returning home at night, he was, he has said, "always scared. There was a light at the end of the alley which I had to cut through to get home, with dark doorways on both sides of it. So I wouldn't walk on either side. I'd run down the middle straight toward that light, and along the way I'd sense a telephone pole that I couldn't see and duck away from it. And I'd have the feeling there was

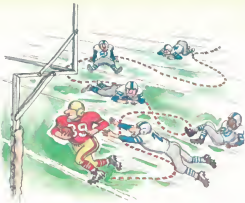
gambit, having deployed the sure of hand up front to field the ball, Toni Fritsch kicked a squibber straight to Preston Riley, a third-year wide receiver out of Memphis State. The strategy had worked. The Cowboys had literally played into the 49ers' hands. It was all over. And it was. For the 49ers. The ball squirted through Riley's supposedly nimble fingers, and Mel Renfro of the Cowboys fell on it at midfield. A Staubach scramble and two passes and Dallas had won 30-28. Riley became a parish who soon drifted out of the game. "I've been in construction ever since then," he said recently in an interview from his home in Houston. "I don't really think that much about it anymore. I'm still hangin' in there."

"I remember that kid who ran the kick back, Vic Washington, was inconsolable after that game," says Lou Spadia, then the 49ers' president. "He sat in his locker and cried for an hour and a half."

Well, after a few decades of this sort, you start looking over your shoulder. San Franciscans have long been adept at laughing in the face of adversity—consider the cheerful rebuilders of 1906—but over these many years, the 49ers have sorely tested our susceptibility to grave-side boffos.

Truth is, from the start things have never really gone all that well for the Niners. In their first year, 1946, their owner and founder, Tony Morabito, got himself into an inadvisable feud with first one and later the other of the city's two leading newspapers. Morabito, a native San Franciscan, was a volatile, playful, fiercely loyal man who made his fortune in the lumber business. His partner with the 49ers was Vic Morabito, who was both his half-brother and his cousin. Tony's mother died when Tony was a baby, at which point his father, an Italian immigrant, summoned a sister-in-law from Italy to care for the child. The father eventually married the sister-in-law and they had Vic, who was born 10 years after Tony. It was a complicated relationship, but the boys got along well.

Tony was an extraordinarily friendly man. "He'd hitch rides on garbage trucks to go to fine restaurants," recalls Spadia, one of Tony's first 49er employees. "He knew everybody. But he was always throwing things. One day a friend came in with an Irish recording. Tony threw it



The way McElhenry ran, a 50-yard gain would cover three times that distance.

out the window. And there was the time Gordy Soltan sauntered into the office wearing a hat. Gordy was still playing but he was also just starting out in business then, and those were the days when businessmen always wore hats. But Tony wouldn't have it. He let out a little shriek, grabbed that hat and flipped it out the window. Now, our offices in those days were 10 floors up, so we all rushed over to the window to see what had happened to the hat. Well, it fluttered down right at the feet of some poor guy standing there on the sidewalk below. He looked up as if he were expecting a body to follow."

Morabito's impulsiveness brought him grief, however, in the unfamiliar world of public relations. In his first season as an owner in the old All-America Conference, he signed a contract to play an opening exhibition game in each of five years for charities sponsored by the *The San Francisco Examiner*. This enraged the rival *Chronicle*, which began putting 49er stories alongside the truss ads. When the agreement expired, Tony, hoping to placate the *Chronicle*, refused to renew it. This, not unexpectedly, enraged the *Examiner* and its cantankerous sports editor, Curley Greave, who promptly began to bury 49er stories in his paper, too. The *Chronicle*, meanwhile, hadn't forgiven Tony for the original slight. A man of a more conciliatory nature might have made his peace with both papers at that critical juncture, but

Tony, angry now at the entire journalistic community, declared war on them all and went to his grave doing battle. In those early years the 49ers needed all the coverage they could get, but it became the job of Spadia, a gentle, good-natured man, to keep players away from inquiring newsmen.

At age 47 Tony died of a heart attack, at halftime of the 1957 game with the Chicago Bears in Kezar. The 49ers were trailing 17-7 at the time, but when word reached the bench that "Tony is gone," they played a furious second half and won 21-17. An emissary from the Bears approached Albert after the game. "If he was going to die," said the Chicagoan, "it would have made him happy that you beat us by four points." "If he was going to live," Albert replied, his eyes glistening with tears, "it would have made me happy to lose by a hundred points."

The Cleveland Browns won all four championships in the brief history of the All-America Conference, aceing out the 49ers each year, but the San Franciscans did gain a measure of revenge in a glorious 56-28 whipping of their arch rivals in 1949. The game devolved into farce, and Perry, then in his second year, and Joe Verrano, the 170-pound placekicker, decided to exchange jerseys. In his first play wearing Verrano's number, Perry sped 49 yards for a touchdown. The Browns were humiliated. A puny kicker had run through them. It might have occurred to them, though, that little Ve-

trano had undergone a startling metamorphosis from mild-mannered, white convert to lightning-fast, 6-foot, 207-pound black man. Vetrano is still very much a figure in San Francisco, a successful businessman seen often in the company of his pal Joe DeMaggio.

The team's emblem in those formative years was of a wild-eyed, hushy-maned prospector wearing boots, checkered pants and a red shirt who was shooting one six-shooter just over his head and aiming another under his jumping feet. "He was drunk," Spodis explains. "In the original picture, there was a saloon in the background." The offending insignia has been phased out over the years by conservative elements in the Niners organization, but there can be no questioning its accuracy as a symbol of the community psyche. The 49ers, players and fans, have always been a wild bunch. Albert, the first quarterback and later the coach, was in his signal-calling days a wit and a prankster who made up plays in the huddle and even changed them while they were in progress. His famous bootlegs often came as a surprise to the intended ballcarrier. And McElhenny, as brilliant as he was, was considered a poor risk when he came out of the University of Washington because of his love of the bright lights. "I'll room with him and tie

him down," said Albert in urging Morabito to draft The King. "Fine," replied Tony, "and who'll tie you down?"

McElhenny could run wild off and on the field, but he was also an extraordinarily vulnerable and sentimental man. He wept uncontrollably during his induction speech at the NFL Hall of Fame, apologizing profusely all the while for his outburst. Mac made some unfortunate business deals toward the end of his playing days when he placed too much trust in supposed friends. A grocery venture ended in bankruptcy. He is, at heart, a sofie. But at the same time, he is, as they say, no one to mess with. I was dining with friends at Perry's restaurant on Union Street several years ago when an argument of some kind erupted at the bar. I was surprised to see that McElhenny appeared to be a part of it. A man whose fortified courage exceeded his wisdom was being abusive to the fabled King. Mac was backing away from him, urging him to quiet down. The aggressor would have none of it, and he charged Mac. It was over just like that. The unfortunate soul landed on his feet. When he regained his senses, he looked up and inquired, "Did you see that?" "Yes," one of our number replied. "Next time don't pick on an All-Pro halfback."

The 49ers also have been visible in the

Bay Area in far more acceptable ways. Charlie Krueger, the All-Pro defensive tackle, even married the daughter of the director of the San Francisco Opera Company. And Bob St. Clair, the All-Pro offensive tackle of the '50s and '60s, was elected to public office in suburban San Mateo County in spite of his well-publicized appetite for raw meat.

Nonetheless, over the years 49er fans have gained a deserved reputation for being among the most bibulous and truculent in the league, although the move to Candlestick from Kezar in 1970 seems mercifully to have dissipated some of that aggressiveness. In the early '60s, the fans' nastiness achieved such proportions that team officials were contemplating asking the city, which owns Kezar, to construct a moat around the playing field. A compromise of sorts was reached when a wire fence was built above the runway to the east tunnel to shield players from the traditional postgame bombardment of beer cans, most of which were not empty.

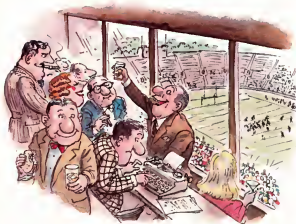
Kezar itself may have been as much at fault for this aberrant behavior as were the generally frustrating events on the field. Few stadiums are as esthetically favored as this old bowl at the eastern extremity of Golden Gate Park. Approached from the north and west, the arriving fan strolls to it through acres of lush green lawn with forests of eucalyptus, pine and palm. There are ponds and flower beds, and children laughing and dogs playing. In such hucolic splendor it could be assumed that even the most churlish of louts would find room in his heart for charity. Not so. Kezar invariably brought out the worst in everyone.

For one thing, there was virtually no parking in the vicinity of the stadium. So visitors usually arrived early to spend their pregame hours in Stanyan Street saloons preparing themselves for the outrages soon to be visited on them by their favorite team. There were other ways of bearing the parking dilemma, though. I, for example, spent \$1,200, a huge sum to me in those days, to buy an Isotta for precisely that purpose. The Isotta was a two-cylinder vehicle built by BMW and no bigger than a golf cart. It weighed about 700 pounds and could seat one person comfortably, two in a pinch. On Niner game days its capacity would be stretched to four. We would tool right up

continued



A trip to Kezar Stadium invariably brought out the worst in everyone.



The atmosphere in the press box at Kezar was far more social than professional.

to the stadium and physically lift the little machine into a parking space no full-grown car could hope to fit into.

A police officer friend of mine had an even more ingenious method for licking the parking problem. He would drive directly to the no-parking zone nearest the stadium, leave his car there and ceremoniously write himself a citation, which he would place beneath a windshield wiper. At game's end he would return to the illegally parked vehicle and tear the ticket to shreds.

The worst trouble with Kezar was inside. Seats in modern stadiums are generally at least 20 inches wide. And a minimum of 30 inches between rows is considered proper. Kezar's splintery benches allowed only 16 inches of posterior space and the rows were a knee-cracking 20 inches apart. Bill Shoemaker would consider such accommodations confining. In Kezar's center sections, where the season ticket holders congregated, close friendships resulted from such intimacy. In the outer reaches, where strangers collided, familiarity bred contempt. And at Kezar only 19,000 of the 60,000 seats were between the goal lines.

The stadium was built in 1925 for high

school football and expanded in patchwork fashion, with the result that it took on a lopsided shape, made all the more ludicrous by the outsized press box that stood like some crazily misplaced middle-income house above the 24 rows of seats on the south side. Rarely, if ever, were there enough newsmen to occupy all of the 250 press-box seats, so the vacancies were filled by visiting celebrities, politicians, priests, small children, guests of management and other freeloaders. Working newsmen were in the minority, and the atmosphere was far more social than professional. During one Niner game a sportswriter was busy hammering out his play-by-play account when the woman seated in front of him suddenly wheeled upon him. "Must you continue that infernal typing through this entire game?" she angrily inquired. "I'm trying to concentrate."

There is no need here to touch upon the deficiency of restrooms in so primitive a facility. Suffice to say that that, too, had a debilitating effect on the collective dispositions of the spectators.

With the move to Candlestick, everything seemed to change but the final scores of crucial games. After Tony's death, Vic ran the team until he, too,

died of a heart attack in 1964. The Morabitos' widows, Josephine and Jane, kept things going, with the loyal Spadia as president, until they finally sold the club to Edward J. DeBartolo Jr. in 1977. Eddie was only 31 then and he looked like the young Eddie Fisher. When, in his first press conference, he denied that the team was a toy to him, he seemed to be protesting too much, because Eddie looked like a baby and Papa had a bundle. Hiring Joe Thomas was another blunder. Thomas tried to rebuild by tearing down, and he alienated an entire community in the process. His most grievous error was trying fruitlessly to erase the past, tearing down old photos in the office, cutting the alumni off from free passes. That was dumb. The 49ers are family. Almost all of the old star players still

live in the Bay Area, and the fans still love them. In San Francisco, the past is always present.

But Eddie shaped up. He sacked Thomas and hired Bill Walsh, which makes him for this career fan quite simply the smartest owner in the game. It is significant that an old hand like Spadia is impressed by Walsh first of all because he looks like the team's original coach, Buck Shaw. Walsh has tradition built in with that Shavian silver hair.

I tell you, it's been a heady season for those of us who were there from the beginning. The 49ers didn't blow that game to the Giants and they didn't even lose to the Cowboys this time. What's going on around here? I watched the final moments of that Dallas game on television in a Cincinnati hotel room, where I was on assignment. "It's all over," I said to myself when the Cowboys, behind by one point, got the ball with plenty of time left to score. I knew that all my fellow Niner sufferers from years back were saying the same thing. And it was all over. This time for Dallas. On my television set, my hometown crowd was going wild. And I was sitting there alone, like a damn fool, bawling like a baby. By heaven, they finally did it.

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Now You See Him, Now You Don't

Even if you catch three-time champ Wilfred Benitez, you probably won't hit him often **by WILLIAM NACK**

They were facing each other in the center of the ring, Gregorio Benitez, who is called Goyo, and his son, Wilfred, and for the moment things seemed just as they once were—back in the days before the rebellion set in, when Wilfred was a boy and his father's was the only law he knew.

It was a warm, windy mid-December afternoon. The ring was in the backyard gym at the Benitez home in Saint Just, Puerto Rico, about 18 miles south of San Juan, and Wilfred Benitez was training to defend his WBC junior middleweight title against Roberto Duran in Las Vegas on Jan. 30. He had won the championship last May 23 when he caught Maurice Hope with a jackhammer right that left Hope unconscious for several minutes. Now once again the father was training his son, as he has since he first laced gloves on the boy 15 years ago when Wilfred was eight.

"But I think he'll throw me mostly rights," Wilfred said quietly. *continued*

Benitez' performance in the ring doesn't usually reflect his minimal work in the gym.



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"No, no," Goyo said. "Duran will fake his right and hook you with the left. Like this." Wilfred stepped back and nodded. "Si, sí," he said. "I've seen him do that."

"Let's go!" Goyo said.

The father was wearing the heavily padded mitts trainers use to catch punches, and the son tracked him stoically about the ring, the father raising and dropping and shifting the targets of his hands. The son bobbed and came up throwing at them, snapping punches in fiery combinations. The father exhorted him to throw hard: "¡Duro! ¡Duro!"

Wilfred has the reflexes of a mongoose, and now he was throwing uppercuts in sets of five, his father facing him, telling him to punch harder: "¡Más duro! ¡Duro! Come on, Let's go!" The punches came rapidly—left-right-left-right-left. Goyo cried out for Wilfred to do it again: "¡De nuevo!" And harder! The effect was hypnotic, like watching partners in a

dance performed to the stinging slap of the son's gloves and the father's voice.

"¡Duro!" Pow-pow-pow-pow.

"¡De nuevo!" Pow-pow-pow-pow.

"¡Duro...! ¡De nuevo...! ¡Duro...! ¡De nuevo!"

To observe Wilfred Benitez in the ring—his feet moving purposefully; his fists flashing misleading messages before they strike: his head tipping here to slip a punch, dipping there to slip another; his eyes unblinking and round—is like watching a man paint the ceiling of the chapel of his craft.

"Oh yeah, that's right," says Carlos Palomino, who lost his WBC welterweight championship to Benitez in 1979. "He has become an artist. He was not a puncher as a welterweight. He was throwing like slaps at me, and he never hurt me. But I think he has reached his full weight and has matured as a puncher. That right hand he hit Hope with was no fluke. He is one fantastic fighter."

The English invented the mainly art of self-defense, the object of which is to hit your opponent without getting hit in return. Damn, bloody simple, so said, but in recent years few fighters have mastered the art to the extent of Wilfred Benitez.

At 17 he became the youngest champion in history when he gave 30-year-old Antonio Cervantes a boxing lesson and took away his WBA junior welterweight (140-pound) title. Three years later he moved up to the welters (147-pound limit) and gave Palomino fits for 15 rounds. After an eight-month layoff, he lost that title to Sugar Ray Leonard on a TKO with six seconds left in the 15th round. That was Benitez' only loss in 44 fights; he has one draw, with Harold Weston. Less than four months after he beat Hope for his third world championship (154-pound limit) Benitez turned 23, making him the youngest fighter ever to win three titles. The others: Bob Fitzsimmons, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong and, since Benitez, Alexis Arguello.

"I am the Bible of Boxing," Benitez says, reciting his favorite line. "I know all the techniques, all the styles. I'm the champion. I know everything exactly. I have no plans against Duran, just preparing myself. He'll come out the same as always: to the body, fighting me against the ring posts, attacking me. That is his fight, throwing hard to surprise his oppo-

nent, to set him off balance, to get on top of him. But he won't with me. He's going, now, to confront the Bible of Boxing—the Kang of Technique."

What has most clearly set Benitez apart from the crowd is an almost supernatural quality that not even he quite understands. When he deigns to train and sharpen himself—which he reportedly didn't do before the Leonard fight, working only a week—Benitez is the most difficult target to hit in boxing. He's a ghost, as wispy as the cigar smoke at ringside. Even in his draw with Weston and his loss to Leonard, he baffled his opponents.

"He's about the trickiest and best defensive fighter I ever fought," says Weston, who was the fourth-ranked WBA welterweight when he met Benitez on Feb. 2, 1977. "You can throw 25 or 30 punches at him, and you might not even hit with one. I was shocked. He planted himself on the ropes, and I never expected any man in the world could get away from me on the ropes."

Leonard had had only 25 professional fights when he fought Benitez. Relatively unseasoned and numbed by the hype that attended his first big bout as a pro, Leonard was flat—and fortunate that Benitez had been idle eight months and hurt his left thumb in an early round. Leonard decked Benitez with a left jab in the third, but for most of the fight Sugar Ray merely fanned the air.

"It was like looking in a mirror," Leonard said later. "No one, I mean no one, can make me miss punches like that." With Leonard repeatedly missing with his right, his trainer Angelo Dundee instructed him to "Go downstairs! You can't stand in front of him and hit him with a right hand."

"But he's right there!" Sugar Ray said. "Yeah, he's right there." Dundee said, "But then he ain't."

Palomino knows what Weston and Leonard went through: "All through the fight I felt like I would knock him out. I kept saying, 'The next round,' and 'The next round.' I was off nine months before this fight, and I was just missing him. I just felt it would take a little time. But by the eighth I began to feel that he knew what punch I was going to throw before I threw it. He had like a sixth sense. I'd never fought anybody with that sixth sense. He didn't move much, just enough to make you miss. It was like he had radar."



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Says Gus D'Amato, 73, who managed and trained Floyd Patterson when he won the heavyweight title, "Many times a fellow has an intuitive sense that tells him, 'Get the hell out of here.' Benitez has this to an extraordinary degree. When his intuitive sense tells him that a punch is coming, he has already started to move. Patterson used to look at the muscles on his opponent's chest, the pecs, which cause the arm to move, to get advance warning of when and where a punch is coming. Benitez does the same thing and almost casually gets out of the way. A split second before the punch is even thrown, he's already slipping it and retaliating with his own counterpunch."

When discussing the source of his remarkable perception, Benitez allows it may have something to do with the late Bruce Lee. "I like the martial arts," he says. "Like Bruce Lee, I study my opponent. I stare at him. I get close enough to him so he thinks he can reach me, but he really can't. I keep looking at him, looking at him. Then I box him. I beat him with that. The rest is instinct and things I've learned."

He has been learning boxing for a long time. Wilfred was born in the Bronx, N.Y. on Sept. 12, 1958. After bearing four girls—Evelyn, Kleo, Yvonne and Mary—Doña Clara Elena Rosa Benitez gave birth to four boys, Gregorio Jr., Frankie, Alphonso and Wilfred, the youngest. Goyo had made 50¢ a bout boxing three-rounders as a youngster in Puerto Rico. In 1948 he moved to New York and then got a job in an automobile paint shop, married Clara and settled down to raise a family. Goyo attended the fights and hung around gyms, watching and picking up this and that. "I went to the big fights and saw how others fight," he says. "I learned to hit the belly from Marcel Cerdan. I watch Sugar Ray Robinson and learn the hook from him—right to the body, double up on the hook."

Goyo set up matches for his sons and their friends in the playground of P.S. 124 in the Bronx. Like a carnival barker, he would persuade passersby to pay a quarter for the show: "You want to see these kids fight?" Wilfred recalls getting \$1 a fight, his share of the



Benitez' jackhammer right left Hope unconscious, uncrowned in their title bout.

gate. "Sometimes Wilfred would fight twice," Goyo says. The boy was five then.

In 1966 Goyo moved his family back to Puerto Rico. Says Kleo, "Dad said, 'There's too much crime [in New York]. You'll have a better chance in Puerto Rico.'" That year Wilfred, 7½ years old and weighing 62 pounds, had his first organized fight, a draw in the Puerto Rican Golden Gloves. "I never liked boxing very much then," he says. "I just boxed for my father."

Goyo taught all four of his sons, relentlessly. The oldest, Gregorio Jr., was doing roadwork at four in the morning when he was 11, and it wasn't long before Wilfred, four years younger, was tagging along. "He would stop halfway through the running and tell me that he was going back," Gregorio Jr. recalls. "I would tell him, 'It's too dark for you to go home alone. You came out with me and you have to go back with me.'" In a makeshift ring set up in a yard adjacent to the family house, the father would have the boys spar against each other. "Wilfred used to cry to my father that he couldn't catch me or hit me," Gregorio Jr. says. "I told him, 'Do the same things I do.'" Everything you told him to do, he did it."

It was then that Wilfred learned to switch back and forth from righty to lefty. "I'm a natural righty, but I can fight both sides," he says. "I switch from left to right to left to confuse my opponent. But my right is where I have all my strength. I'll bust the bridge of a guy's nose with my right."

Goyo taught his sons all the punches, from Rocky Marciano's overhand right to Kid Gavilan's bolo. And they all worked off the jab. Kids from the neighborhood started to come around to train, too, including an older boy named Esteban DeJesus. In 1972 Goyo took DeJesus to Madison Square Garden for a 10-round non-title fight with the new WBA lightweight champion of the world, Roberto Duran. DeJesus became the first and only fighter to drop Duran—he caught him with a left hook in the first round—and also the first to beat the Panamanian, winning a decision.

Wilfred says that what drew him to the gym, aside from a wish to please his father, was the sparring and the daily routine and the sense that he was good at what he did there. "I was in the gym all the time," he says. "I liked the discipline.

You go into the gym and work out, you sweat, you develop your skills. That's what I enjoyed. Every day. Dedication. That I developed rapidly. I was 15, but it was like being 21."

Of the four sons, Wilfred worked the hardest and wanted a title the most. One by one the other three boys dropped away. There was talk that Goyo pushed his oldest son too hard and too fast, but he says now that he forced young Gregorio to quit the ring because he got married. "Gregorio was the best boxer," Goyo says. "But he fell in love. I told him, 'You get married, you no fight.'"

Alphonso left the gym because he preferred going to school. Today he's a computer technician with the Puerto Rican telephone company. Goyo's biggest disappointment was Frankie, at one time the promising lightweight. "I retired him because he liked the women too much," Goyo says. "He's crazy, but he was a tremendous fighter. Frankie sparred some with Wilfred before the Cervantes fight. Frankie was a little faster, but Wilfred was stronger and more intelligent."

In 1970 the Benitez family had moved from the house in Saint Just where they had lived since coming back from the U.S. into a new one there, where they still live. The gym Goyo built is out back, and the living room is a glittering testimony to Wilfred. Trophies are tightly packed on a table, his championship belts are on display, and his plaques hang on the walls. One small plaque, hung prominently in the center of the display, was a gift from Frankie to Goyo in 1981. It reads: **WORLD'S GREATEST DAD.**

Much has changed between the World's Greatest Dad and his youngest son the last few years, since the prodigy bloomed into a wildflower. And what a prodigy he was. "In the amateurs I was 15 years old and fighting older men, and I was boxing them all and beating them," Wilfred



Clara and Gregorio have pretty good footwork, too.

says. "Why shouldn't I become a professional?" He turned pro on Nov. 22, 1973 when he was still 15, and earned \$100 by knocking out Hiram Santiago in the first round of his first fight. The mongroose was loose.

Teddy Brenner, then the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, recalls the time he brought Wilfred to New York to fight Al Hughes in the Felt Forum. Wilfred had just turned 16, too young to box legally in New York. "He had a baptismal certificate that said he was older," Brenner says. "I didn't know how young he really was." Brenner remembers Wilfred sitting in his office and spotting a fly buzzing in front of him. "Watch this," Wilfred said and caught the fly in midair.

In those days, Brenner says, Goyo's word was inviolate: "If the father had told Wilfred to jump off a burning building, he would have jumped." For the first

two years that Benitez was a pro, that was the way it was. "His father is one of the best trainers around," Brenner says. "He's a Vince Lombardi." Goyo had Wilfred believing in himself at 17. "I felt I could confront anyone," Benitez says. "Why couldn't I fight the champion? I wasn't scared of Cervantes, I made him miss. The little giant won. I used to say, 'Boy! If I win this, I'll be the young-

the money, I want to be champion. Make me a champion.'"

That fight showed Benitez to be the most promising fighter in the world. It also was the last time Wilfred trained for a fight as if it really mattered. "When I entered boxing I wanted the championship, money, health and women," Benitez says.

Soon, the Lombardi of Saint Just had

was canceled. "He's lucky he's still alive," Goyo says.

Wilfred then began to train in discotheques rather than his father's gym. His lax attitude showed in the fight with Bruce Curry in Madison Square Garden on Nov. 18, 1977. Goyo argued and pleaded with his son. "Curry will knock you out," the father said. "You haven't been training. Nobody will fight Curry because he has a punch."

"Nah," Wilfred said.

Curry knocked Benitez down three times—twice in the fourth round, in which the bell saved Benitez from being knocked out, and once in the fifth, when Wilfred ended up stretched over a strand of the ring ropes, half in the ring and half out. "He trained about 10 minutes for that fight," Brenner says. "He got off the deck one time with one leg walking north and the other east. There's no way he should've gotten up and continued. I don't know what carried him through that fight."

What ultimately won the fight for Benitez—by a controversial split decision—was his superior boxing skill and that sixth sense that kept him from getting clobbered yet again. As painful and embarrassing as the experience was, the Curry fight revealed a new dimension in Benitez. "If there was any doubt about his courage, this fight made you take your hat off to him," D'Amato says. "When he got off that floor, you wouldn't have given two cents for his chances."

"Bad preparation," said Benitez, who beat Curry handily in a return match, 10 weeks later.

Benitez disappeared altogether while training for his fight against Randy Shields on Aug. 25, 1978, quietly breaking camp in New York City one day to spend a week with his girl friend in Florida. Benitez neglected to tell Brenner he was leaving. The Garden matchmaker was frantic. "I had every Puerto Rican private detective in New York out looking for him," he says. Goyo finally found Wilfred in Orlando, where he had spent the week at Disney World. "I rode all the rides," he says. "I rode the submarine, I went into the past." The thing was, he says, that he had been left alone in New York with more than \$1,000 in his pocket and a girl in Orlando. "There went my discipline," he says.

And there went Goyo. Wilfred knocked out Shields in the sixth round.

CONTINUED



Wilfred and his nieces Yvonne (left), Yazmin (right), nephew Edgardo and sister Yvonne.

gest champion ever. *(Extraordinary!)*

That it was. "He trained two months for Cervantes," Goyo says. "That was the best he ever trained." While training, he promised his father the \$7,500 purse. Goyo recalls, "He told me, 'I don't want

lost control of his prodigy. While training to defend his title against Cervantes, Wilfred ran his car off the road and wedged it between two trees, leaving the front end hanging over a steep cliff. He was hospitalized briefly, and the fight

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but by then his father had had it. "He had gone bad," Goyo says. The boy had worn the yoke since he was eight, had been unfailingly obedient to his father's will. "A man-kid," Wilfred says. "Or a kid-man." Up early, roadwork with fists flying, into the gym to bang and spar, early to bed.

"When you try to do this to an 18-year-old kid who has been disciplined all his life, you're going to get rebellion," Brenner says. "I've noticed it since he won the title and people began to pat him on the back and he realized he was an individual. Rebellion set in. It happens all the time in the boxing business between father and son. *Never fails.*"

"I listen to my father only to avert any problems," Wilfred says. "He demands a lot from me mentally and physically. I have my own mind and I get angry. . . . I feel like I want to kill someone."

In the summer of 1978, after the Shields fight, Goyo sold his son's contract for \$75,000 to Jimmy Jacobs and Bill Cayton. They retained Goyo as trainer for approximately 10% of all purses. The \$75,000 Jacobs and Cayton paid for the contract turned out to be a fire-sale special. Wilfred has made about \$3 million since then, and Jacobs expects him to collect another \$1.4 million for the Duran fight.

The change in management, at least in the beginning, didn't help. Jacobs sent Wilfred to D'Amato's upstate New York training camp.

D'Amato admired Wilfred's talent enormously but concluded, "This fellow has a terrible ego. He won't admit there are some things about boxing that he doesn't know." Benitez left after a month. "He was lonesome," D'Amato says. "He couldn't go to town, couldn't have his girl up here. Nothing meant anything to him but having a good time."

"I don't train because they keep on repeating things over and over," Benitez says. "I already know all those things. I do my own thing. I don't need all this training. I'm a professional. I only have to maintain my speed, my movement."

There has been an aimless drift, even chaos, in Wilfred's life the last few years. Wilfred stirred his father's wrath by insisting that Emile Griffith, the five-time former world welterweight and middleweight champion, train him for the Palomino fight. Griffith shortened Benitez' punches, and Wilfred, when he won the title, told Griffith, "You make me

champ!" During Wilfred's first defense against Weston in San Juan, Goyo was at El Nuevo Comandante, the racetrack on the outskirts of the city, when someone shoved a radio to his ear, telling him his son was losing.

Goyo dashed from the track and drove to the stadium. He arrived by the end of the ninth round, leaped through the ropes between rounds and confronted his sagging son. Slapping Wilfred's face, he yelled, "Hey, what's the matter with you? Get out there and kill that guy!" Benitez won the decision. As Wilfred's fight with Ray Leonard approached, Goyo criticized his son—who was acting as his own trainer—for not training properly, even writing an article in *The Ring* that began, "He can't win this fight."

Because it was his first loss, the Leonard bout was pivotal in Benitez' career. "After Leonard made all that money, that changed me," he says. Moreover, he feels he has his loss to Leonard to avenge, as does Duran. They will make a curious pair on Jan. 30, two big guys—both will come in near 154 pounds—fighting for the right to come down to 147 to meet the little guy, Leonard.

The World's Greatest Father, at the wheel of his 1979 Bronco, is driving along the highway leading to the hills to the south of Saint Just. Ahead of him, running steadily, are Wilfred and Gregorio Jr., who is running backward and throwing punches in the air, as his father taught him to do long ago. There is less than a month until the fight with Duran, and the father, who is again his son's trainer, doesn't like the way Wilfred has been training. Goyo believes Wilfred will be in better shape for Duran than he has been in three years, but Goyo also views Duran as dangerous. "*¡Peligro! ¡Peligrísimo!* We've got to be in condition," he says.

Two days before, as Wilfred finished sparring six rounds in the gym, the father complained, "That's not enough. Right now he should be doing 15 rounds. He didn't run enough today. He ran a mile

by himself. When I run with him, I make him run and throw punches."

"Nobody can show me how to box but my father," Wilfred admits. "He pushes me. You have to train me hard. The way my father trains me is the best. . . . But it hasn't been an easy relationship, and never will be again."

Goyo watches Gregorio and Wilfred, who is chugging forward, his arms and hands held in the attitude of a runner. Goyo whips the Bronco out and pulls



Benitez lost to Leonard but made him miss often.

even with Wilfred. "*¡Tira golpes!*" the father yells. That is, throw punches as you run.

Wilfred doesn't acknowledge it. "*¡Tira golpes!*" The son stares ahead, expressionless. The father tries a third time. Again nothing. The son jogs on, as if his father wasn't there.

"Ahhh!" says the father in disgust. He presses hard on the accelerator and leaves the son behind. **END**

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by Anthony Cotton

Whatever happened to the Big Man on Campus? If anyone should qualify for that hallowed status it's Dale Solomon of Virginia Tech, the school's alltime leading scorer and soon to become the first player to be named first-team All-Metro Conference four times. Yet here he is, cap in hand almost, ironing a shirt and a pair of pants in his apartment while his wife, Carmen, looks on. "I do the windows, floors and dishes, too," means Solomon.

"Well, I cook," says Carmen.

So does Solomon, who, whenever he's not playing the henpecked husband, can really shake and bake on the court. At week's end he was averaging better than 18 points a game and had led Tech to an 11-2 record. VPI's most impressive victory came two weeks ago against Louisville, then ranked ninth in the SI poll and everyone's preseason pick to win the Metro. That 75-74 win has helped the Hokies—you know, Hokies, as in that old rousing cheer, "Hokie, Hokie, Hokie hi, Tech, Tech, VPI"—rebound from a disappointing 15-13 record in 1980-81. With all five starters back from last season's lead-footed squad, Tech has surpassed its opponents with a new fast-break, hurry-up offense.

"Last year we weren't versatile," says Coach Charles Moor, "we were just slow." This season the Hokies have been anything but, scoring 82.5 points a game, with Solomon either starting the race with an outlet pass or ending it with a basket. He often does both on the same play.

Moor says Solomon, a senior forward/center who stands 6' 8", reminds him of another big man who can get out on the break, Robert Parish of the Boston Celtics. "Dale may be our best shooter from 17 feet in," says Moor. "I can't get him to put it up enough from the outside; he always wants to take the ball down low." A testimony to Solomon's fine touch is his 87% mark at the free-throw line, but Moor can't complain too much about his star's shot selection, because Solomon is hitting 66.9% of his field-goal attempts.

Although he isn't all that ferocious a rebounder (6.7 a game), Solomon is nearly impossible to stop once he gets the ball. "He's such a great scorer that you can't even think about beating Virginia Tech unless you find a way to stop Solomon," says Florida State Coach Joe Williams.

"The best thing about Dale is his unselfishness," says teammate Reggie

Dale Solomon has used his shot to prove that he and VPI are for real

"That just shows how much I respect ed you," says Dale. "I grabbed all the other girls."

This past March it was Carmen's turn to do the grabbing when, on a whim, they decided to elope. "It was a Wednesday, and we were just sitting around when Dale asked me if I wanted to get married that evening," she says. "I thought, 'Here's my chance. I'd better jump on it.'"

Jump on it they did. They borrowed \$20 from a friend for the ceremony

A Hokie who isn't hokey

Steppe. "Even when he doesn't score a lot of points, he doesn't go around saying he has to get the ball more." Steppe, a 6-foot guard whose fancy passing often prompts VPI fans to chant "Reggie, Reggie" as if they were at Yankee Stadium, is content to let Solomon star the drink for Tech. "We know who the superstar is here," he says. "Everyone else revolves around Dale."

Things don't work quite the same way at home, much to the credit and delight of Carmen, a senior in communications. (Dale majors in phys ed.) She's her husband's biggest fan—and detractor. "When he was a struggling freshman, I had to build him up," she says. "Now I have to keep him in line."

En route to dinner recently, Carmen wondered aloud how anyone had heard of Dale outside of Blacksburg, Va., where Tech is located. "Carmen," said Dale, "see that little star twinkling in the sky out there? It says, 'Behold, there's a bigger star that shines in Blacksburg.'"

"Dale."

"Yeah."

"Shut up."

Their mutual affection is obvious, and Carmen is the perfect foil for Dale's wit, although she has pretended to be unimpressed with him since they met on a blind date their freshman year. "At first I thought he was too fresh," she says. "He was always touching me on my arms and shoulders."



Word to the wise: Double-team Solomon.



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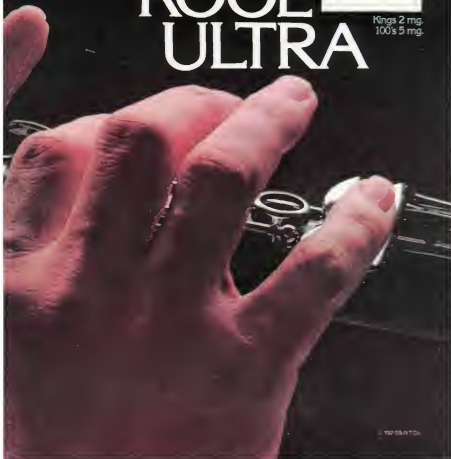
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blood tests, only to find out they would have to wait a day for the results. Undaunted, they secretly tied the knot two days later.

The marriage, i.e., Carmen, has gone a long way toward transforming Solomon from, as one reporter wrote, a "terrorizing personality" into what his wife describes as "a little puppy dog." While he's fond of saying that "a turtle can't move unless he sticks his neck out," for most of his career at Tech, Solomon has chosen to remain in a shell. After averaging 17.8 points in 1978-79 and becoming the first freshman to make first-team All-Metro, he got arrogant and a newspaper story intimated that the success may have gone to his head. Since then, Solomon has pretty much kept quiet. "I don't want anyone else to get the wrong impression of me," he says.

Silence is more suited to Solomon's background, anyway. The son of a career Army man and a librarian, he was exposed to discipline early. "We were told to be nice to everybody, no matter what," he says.

As a senior at Annapolis (Md.) High he scored 23 points a game in leading his team to the Class-AA state finals. But his grades weren't as good as his jump shot. Rather than attend a junior college, he chose to go to a prep school for a year—Fork Union Military Academy in Virginia. Solomon felt right at home with the discipline, yes-sirring and no-sirring with the best of them, although he never rose above private. "Most guys with rank were either there six or seven years or played football," he says. "The football coach was the commandant."

Solomon averaged 29 points and 14 rebounds at Fork Union. "I was getting about 35 points a game until all the other guys on the team decided they wanted to shoot, too," he says. After the season, schools that had shied away from Solomon because of his grades came roaring back. He chose Virginia Tech because its interest had never waned.

The next year the Hokies focused their interest on Ralph Sampson, who seriously considered Tech before choosing Virginia. That year VPI finished 22-9 and qualified for the NCAA tournament, as the Hokies did again in Solomon's sophomore year. But then, in 1980-81, they paid for having concentrated on Sampson. "We put a lot of eggs in his basket," says Moor, in explaining Tech's record last season. "We spent so

much time on him, we lost others we could've gotten if we'd paid any attention to them." The Tech coaches hadn't been any more persuasive in 1979-80, so last spring Moor found himself in the position of "having to have a great recruiting year." This season's two newcomers, Al and Perry Young (no relation), are second on the team in assists and third in rebounding, respectively, and their speed has played a vital role in Moor's new hurry-up attack.

Four highly touted high school players have orally committed to Tech for next year, but right now Solomon commands all the attention, particularly from the opposition. Last week Tulane defied the Hokies to shoot from the outside, keeping two men in front of Solomon and another behind. The Green Wave held him to a season-low 10 points but lost 65-64. On Saturday, Florida State employed the same tactics in a 69-65 upset of Tech in Blacksburg. Solomon was six for eight from the field and finished with 16 points, but his teammates couldn't get the ball to him most of the game.

Solomon finds himself looking forward to the day when he won't receive such special attention from opponents. "This should be the last year I'll have to put up with it," he says, "but with my luck, they'll legalize the collapsing zone in the NBA next year." But by then, at least, he probably won't have to do his own ironing.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 11-17)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST

"Look at me. Look at me. Remember: Stay poised and play our defense." That's what Pepperdine Coach Jim Harrick told his players during every time-out of a 102-91 upset of San Francisco. The Wave defense—a two-three matchup zone—called for extra pressure on Don sharpshooter Quinton Dailey. It worked. Dailey's 18 points were far below the 33 points he'd averaged in his last four outings against Pepperdine. A 46-31 rebounding edge for the Waves helped, as did the play of Bill Sadler (26 points and eight rebounds) and Orlando Phillips (23 and 12).

"It's not hard to see that one team wore orange shirts and the other wore yellow," Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller said angrily after playing at Oregon. No, the Beavers

didn't lose. They pounded the Ducks into 24 misses and won 76-61. Miller, though, was annoyed because his squad, which led only 52-50 with 6:06 left, was guilty of 16 turnovers. But Miller could find no fault with his team after it handed Stanford, which committed 30 turnovers, its second-worst loss ever, 81-38.

Washington, which was predicted to be ninth in the Pac-10, retained its half-game conference lead over Oregon State. The Huskies kept their winning streak to 10 games by beating Stanford 75-70 and then, with Steve Burks passing off for 12 assists, California 74-62. UCLA ended its three-game losing streak, defeating stubborn Arizona 65-56 as erstwhile starter Rod Foster came off the bench to score 19 points.

MIDWEST

Mike Wacker's cold was nothing to sneeze at and LaSalle Thompson's twisted ankle was bad enough to give Texas Assistant Coach Barry Dowd a fright. Despite these impairments, both players had hearty wails as the unbeaten Longhorns pulled off a double-barreled Southwest Conference surprise by gunning down Houston 95-83 and then Arkansas 87-73. Wacker, who had so much difficulty breathing against the Cougars that he had to call a time-out, triggered the first upset with 32 points, and Thompson performed so well against the Razorbacks—32 points and 13 rebounds—that Dowd said, "Before our next game, I may be tempted to twist both his ankles." Houston lost again, 67-66 to SMU, when Mustang Chuck Anderson made two foul shots in the last four seconds, but Arkansas edged TCU 62-59.

Like Wacker and Thompson, Tulsa's Phil Spradling overcame physical hardship. Thirteen days after he'd had an emergency appendectomy, Spradling sank seven of 11 field-goal tries and geared up the Golden Hurricane fastbreak during a 98-84 romp at West Texas State. In two other Missouri Valley Conference games, Tulsa breezed past Drake 71-54 and jarred Wichita State 99-88. The Shockers, who at one point had a 23-8 lead and who were up 38-32 at the half, were blown out by the Golden Hurricane's remarkable second half: 67 points and 74% shooting. During those final 20 minutes, Tulsa committed only three turnovers and forced 16 by Wichita State that led directly to 31 points. Mike Anderson and Greg Stewart had 26 points apiece for the winners, but Paul Pressey had the most impressive overall figures: 20 points, seven rebounds, seven steals and seven assists. It was part of a shocking week for the Shockers, who were hit by the NCAA with a three-year probation that ruled out postseason play this year and next. An NCAA official explained that "the most serious violations, involving promises of cash, and airline flights," occurred from 1976 to 1978. They didn't need involve any members

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of Wichita State's present coaching staff.

"You can't diagram that. It's just instinctive basketball," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart of a superb play by Rocky Frazier that beat Nebraska 44-42. Realizing he was hemmed in by the harassing Husker defense and that time was winding down, Frazier whirled and rifled an under-the-basket pass to Prince Bridges, who put in the decisive layup at the buzzer. The Tigers also struggled past Oklahoma State 54-49 but had less trouble with bumbling Louisville, which went down 69-55 on Sunday in a non-conference game. Kansas State won two Big Eight matchups, 75-55 over Iowa State and, with Randy Reed getting 32 points and nine rebounds, 78-68 at Colorado.

EAST Virginia continued to prove that it's more than a one-man team, and Craig Robinson proved that he could, in a sense, be a one-eyed marksman. The first of four games in six days was the toughest for the Cavaliers, who trailed Maryland 28-16 early in the second half before winning 45-40 in overtime. A swarming defense that forced 10 Terp turnovers during a stretch of 12 possessions got Virginia untricked. So did Jeff Jones, who scored six points while the Cavs went on a 19-6 tear that put them ahead 33-32. Jones then had five more points in OT, two of them on a layup after he stole the ball. Robinson was the main man during a 99-67 blowout of Wagner, even though his vision was blurred because he had only one undamaged contact lens. The 6' 8" Robinson sank nine of 12 shots and finished with 24 points in just 18 minutes. Ralph Sampson, held to six points against Maryland and 12 against Wagner, showed his stuff as he scored 24 points and had 14 rebounds in a 79-60 defeat of Georgia Tech. On Sunday, Virginia overwhelmed Clemson 89-68 behind Sampson's 22 points, 14 rebounds and three blocked shots. Added to that were a total of 29 points by Tim Mullen and Jimmy Miller, a pair of freshman forwards.

Second-half spurs earned North Carolina to ACC victories at North Carolina State and Duke. The Tar Heels put it all together during the final 10 minutes against the Wolfpack, racing from a 33-32 lead to a 61-41 triumph. Duke led North Carolina 32-31 at halftime but lost 73-63 as the Heels put on a surge that moved them in front by as many as 21 points. Freshman Michael Jordan, who had 20 points against the Wolfpack, scored 19 against the Blue Devils, including 13 in the second half after beginning to bank his shots off the glass. North Carolina State also produced a strong finish to defeat Wake Forest 52-50. Derek Whitteburg sinking two free throws with three seconds left to clinch a comeback from a 44-34 deficit.

Villanova twice won on a pair of foul shots in the winning moments and clung to first place in the Big East. John Pinone's conver-

SI TOP 20

1. N. CAROLINA (13-0)	1 *
2. VIRGINIA (16-1)	2
3. DuPAUL (15-1)	3
4. MISSOURI (14-0)	7
5. TULSA (12-2)	9
6. KENTUCKY (10-3)	8
7. MINNESOTA (11-2)	10
8. IOWA (11-2)	4
9. GEORGETOWN (14-3)	8
10. SAN FRANCISCO (15-2)	6
11. IDAHO (15-0)	16
12. TEXAS (12-0)	—
13. OREGON STATE (12-2)	17
14. ARKANSAS (11-2)	12
15. ALABAMA (12-3)	13
16. TENNESSEE (11-3)	19
17. KANSAS STATE (12-2)	—
18. N.C. STATE (13-2)	16
19. VILLANOVA (12-2)	20
20. FRESNO STATE (13-1)	—

* Last week

sions with five seconds to go beat St. John's 64-62, and Ed Pinckney's free throws with 18 seconds remaining did in Seton Hall 71-70. The Wildcats have won their last four games by a total of five points. Seton Hall was also edged by Georgetown, 62-60. The Hoyas then had their 13-game win streak broken 75-70 at Syracuse as Tony Brain of the Orangemen scored 17 points. Georgetown's Pat Ewing continued to have difficulties, scoring only six points before fouling out.

DuPaul's only regular-season loss last year was to Old Dominion, which had dug its way out of a deep early hole. This time the Blue Demons put the Monarchs in a 40-24 halftime chasm and went on to win 70-60.

MIDEAST

Three coaches—Joe B. Hall of Kentucky, Ray Meyer of DuPaul and Lute Olson of Iowa—got hot under the collar last week. Meyer was steamed by a story in *The Chicago Sun-Times* that insisted the Blue Demons' sparkling record had been achieved partly "by beating a succession of pussies." Thus, before facing South Carolina, Meyer told his troops to "show a couple scribes in Chicago that we could play basketball with anyone." DuPaul did precisely that, snapping out of two weeks of lethargic play with a 92-59 romp. Terry Cummings and Bernard Randolph led the Blue Demons with 19 points each, and Cummings held the Gamecocks' top scorer, Jimmy Foster, to six points, less than one-third his average. "We've called just about everybody," Meyer said afterward of attempts to upgrade his schedule. He did not, however, name the teams that threw him down. Two days earlier, Meyer had won what he called "a stinker" at Creighton, where his players

had erred often while prevailing 76-67.

Olson was angered by another coach, Minnesota's Jim Dutcher, and accused the Gopher staff of "unethical" behavior. Twin Cities newspapers reported that Dutcher had told his players that he'd heard Olson say on the radio that Hawkeye freshman Michael Payne was the best center in the Big Ten. Dutcher had passed that news along to his center, Randy Brewer. Olson vehemently denied making any such comment. As for Dutcher, he said he was upset by the quotes that appeared in the newspapers. Properly motivated, Brewer outscored Payne 22-4 during a 61-56 Jopher victory. With Brewer getting 18 more points and Trent Tucker 21, Minnesota then defeated Michigan 67-58. Iowa, meanwhile, polished off Wisconsin 68-52. Indiana ended a four-game slide by knocking off Michigan 81-51 and Ohio State 66-61, and Notre Dame beat Davidson 59-45 to break a five-game losing streak.

Kentucky's Hall was so furious when some fans in Rupp Arena booed his first-half keep-away tactics against Alabama that he jammed down his program. Taking the cue, the Wildcats reserves got off the bench and applauded their teammates on the court. After the game, in which Duke Minnesota had 25 points and Derrick Hard 22 as Kentucky won 86-69, Hall had a few words to say. "I respect the right of every fan to criticize the way he wants to," he began. "I just wish they'd understood what the strategy was. I didn't want a third foul on [Center Melvin] Turpin. I want a player injured and a couple others very tired." Kentucky also had a 44-30 advantage when Hall initiated the slowdown, indicative of a marked improvement over its play in two previous SEC games, both of which the Wildcats lost. The second of those defeats came last week at Mississippi, where Carlos Clark had 23 points for Ole Miss, which led all the way and won 67-65.

"When it snows, it pours," LSU Coach

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LeSALLE THOMPSON: The 6' 10", 245-pound junior center led Texas past Houston and Arkansas by scoring 53 points, sinking 20 of 29 floor shots, grabbing 24 rebounds and getting seven assists.

Dale Brown said, alluding to the rare dusting of white stuff that fell in Tuscaloosa the day his Tigers were whopped there by Alabama 109-86. Phillip Lockett had 17 rebounds and Eddie Phillips 15 as the Crimson Tide, which leads the nation in rebounding margin, outboarded the Tigers 62-34. Phillips, a senior, also had a career-high 32 points. Tennessee won twice, 69-66 at Florida and 71-69 over Vanderbilt in OT. That left the Vols 66-0 first in the SEC, ahead of LSU (4-1), which best Georgia 54-53, and Alabama (4-2). **END**

by Bruce Newman

When the Washington Bullets lost their first three games this season by a total of 45 points, the local press didn't howl for the coach's scalp; the trainer wasn't traded to Cleveland for the Cavaliers' entire starting lineup; and the Bullet players were rarely criticized by name, if only because nobody knew who most of them were.

In a city that has been taken over by the politics of diminished expectations, the Bullets appeared to be a team the nation's capital could get behind. With the off-season retirement of Wes Unseld, a 13-year fixture at center, and the trade of forwards Mitch Kupchak and Elvin Hayes, Washington seemed ready to fall through its own safety net and into the cellar of the league's Atlantic Division.

Considering that two of the team's top six players had recently been granted asylum in the NBA from European basketball and another was the NBA equivalent of a boat person, the Bullets seemed less likely to win 15 games this season than they were to be deported.

Not only have the Bullets not been sent packing, but by last weekend they were 18-19 and had displaced the New York Knicks in third place in the division. Instead of being the truly awful collection of castoffs and oddballs that it was thought they would be, the Bullets have been refreshingly mediocre. Of course Washington is 0-10 against the three teams, Boston, Philadelphia and Milwaukee, that won 60 or more games last season. But in three of their last four encounters with the Eastern Conference's elite trio, the Bullets lost by a total of eight points. If the season ended last Sunday, Washington would make the playoffs, which it failed to do last season for the first time in 13 years.

The Bullets have done it with a scratch-and-sniff defense that has held opponents to fewer than 100 points in 16 of their first 26 games. Nine times this



Ruland came back to be Unseld's bear apparent.

Unidentified flying objects

The Bullets figured to be duds but attracted oddballs and took off

season they have limited the opposition to 90 points or fewer. "When this group first came together," says Coach Gene Shue, who coached the Bullets from 1966-67 to 1972-73 before moving to Philadelphia and San Diego and then returning to Washington last season, "we couldn't predict what we'd do. Defense was the only way we could keep ourselves close and build a foundation. We don't have the personnel to blow people out, so we needed something to make us consistent while the players learned to execute our offense. Defense carried us."

Defense and one of the strangest rosters the NBA has ever beheld. Last season the Bullets were the oldest team in the league; now Washington has four rookies and three second-year players, plus a nucleus of five veterans that includes the only two players left from the Bullets' 1977-78 NBA championship team—Forward Greg Ballard and Guard Kevin Grevey. Another old hand is Point Guard John Lucas, the former Golden State warrior, who last season missed so many games and practices because of unexplained personal problems that the Warriors finally cast him adrift. Still unsigned, Lucas was given safe harbor by Washington in October when Kevin Porter, the league leader in assists in 1980-81, was lost for the season in training camp with a torn Achilles tendon. Another born-again bad citizen is 32-year-old Spencer Haywood, who played in Italy last winter after being suspended by the Los Angeles Lakers shortly before they won the 1980 NBA championship. He admits to falling asleep on the floor while the Lakers were doing stretching exercises, but thinks that just made him an easy target. "Winning a championship is like riding the crest of a big wave," says Haywood, explaining his difficulties in L.A. "Sometimes when you get up that high, you start stepping on the ants and roaches below you." What ants? Roaches?

These Bullets were not so much assembled as they were pieced together, but Shue realized that they were his only chance of making something of the season. "Looking at our nucleus, there really weren't a lot of proven players," he says, "but I've always figured the idea is to win, and to do that you're going to have to put up with some problems. Sometimes a player who has been a troublemaker will reach a point where he's ready to change, but it's up to the player to make it work. As long as the player is helping the team win, I'll stay with him."

continued

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If he isn't, the relationship ends. Your assets are your players, and you have to protect your assets."

Shue has given his prodigals a good deal of freedom. Until they cross him. Recently, when Lucas missed a team bus and didn't show up for a game that night in Philadelphia—once again citing those unexplained personal problems as his excuse—it cost him about \$4,000 and his starting spot, which Shue gave to rookie Frank Johnson. Before that, Lucas' behavior and play—he was seventh in the league in assists—had been exemplary. Haywood has also done creditably on the court and has been what Shue calls "a good influence" on the younger players. "Spencer knows this is his last go-around," Ballard says. "He wants to prove he can still play in the NBA."

Haywood isn't the only immigrant on the squad. If the Dallas Cowboys are America's Team, then the Washington Bullets, who are fairly teeming with your tired, your poor, your huddled masses,

are Ellis Island's Team. One of the Bullets' larger masses is Jeff Ruland, the 6' 11", 240-pound bear apparent to Unseld. Ruland played in Spain last season, partly to give what he calls his "bad press" a chance to die down after it was discovered he had signed with an agent the summer before his junior year at Iowa, thereby rendering himself ineligible for his senior season. In the 1980 draft, Ruland wasn't taken until the second round by Golden State, and then the Warriors unloaded him on the Bullets, who still had Unseld, Kupchak and Hayes. So Ruland, who says, "I'm a bit of an outlaw," went to Spain, but it wasn't a pleasant experience. For starters, his teammates were jealous about the amount of money he was making—about 7.2 million pesetas, or \$100,000—and then there was a fight during a preseason game in Italy, after which Ruland had to be taken from the floor by machine-gun-toting carabinieri. "The whole time I was over there I was thinking about the NBA," Ruland says, "thinking about the people who had written me off. I knew I'd have my day."

And he has. As the Bullets' sixth man, Ruland has averaged only 24½ minutes a game, but still was second on the team in both scoring (14.0 points a game) and rebounding (8.7). If Ruland were ever to play the 34 minutes a game that Center Rick Mahorn gets, those figures would prorate to 19.4 points and 12.1 rebounds. His .583 shooting percentage is fourth-best in the league. Even more impressive, 40% of Ruland's rebounds come off the offensive board, putting him second in the NBA to Moses Malone (47%). "Ruland looks like he's been in the league for years," 76er Coach Billy Cunningham says. Two weeks ago Ruland got Cleveland Center James Edwards so flustered that Edwards shoved him. "He just wades into the lane and gets second shots," Cav Coach Chuck Daly says. "Guys have made great careers out of what he does—Paul Silas, Wes Unseld—and he's the next one."

"Jeff is burning to prove to people in the NBA that he wasn't some guy who was shipped to Europe because he couldn't play," says Ballard.

Ballard isn't trying to prove anything, except perhaps that the 19th-best scorer in the league (19.7 points per game) can remain invisible. Ballard is a gentle soul who embroiders every chance he gets and whose big ambition for 1982 is to get

one of his neighbor ladies to teach him how to do the counted cross-stitch. "A lot of people don't know about me," he says, "and that's the way I want it. It's fun being known, but it's also fun to be mysterious." Naturally that means Ballard is enjoying the Bullets' role as this season's upstart team. "It's been like stepping into an ice-cold shower," he says. "People expected us to be like an expansion team."

Another reason the Bullets have performed more like a playoff qualifier than an expansion team is the surprising play of Mahorn, a 6' 8" second-round draft pick from Hampton Institute, an NAA school. Mahorn played four years of football in high school and got more scholarship offers as a defensive end than as a pivotman. Until the 10th grade he was 5' 11" and weighed about 210 pounds and went out for football because he loved the contact. "You know, that's all fat people are good for—playing football," Mahorn says.

Though he jokes about it now, Mahorn says being overweight "was more humiliation than anything else. I used to sit home quite a bit." It wasn't until the summer before his junior year in high school that Mahorn grew from 5' 11" to 6' 6". "Being fat just made me strive harder," he says, and he was determined to master basketball. He was still awkward for a year after he had sprouted, but by the time he reached Hampton his coordination had improved. He became a three-time NAIA All-America, but he never overcame his fondness for contact. That was evident earlier this month when Mahorn extracted one of 76er Guard Lionel Hollins' front teeth and fractured four others with an elbow and then knocked Forward Bobby Jones silly with a forearm.

"They don't mind putting their elbows to you," says New York Knick Assistant Coach Butch Beard. "And Mahorn's an animal." Sixer Forward Caldwell Jones concurs: "Every Washington team I've ever played against has been physical. With Mahorn and Ruland, these guys are no different [from Kupchak and Unseld]. I don't know if they breed them down there or what."

If they do, they make them just slightly off center. "They're a weird team when you look at them," Beard says. "I think they kind of like being renegades. Maybe they are a bunch of misfits, but they're misfits who can play."

Is it any wonder Mahorn played football?



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TV/RADIO

by William Oscar Johnson

The revolving door at CBS Sports has whirled again, and yet another president of the division has appeared on the 30th floor of Black Rock, the network's Manhattan skyscraper. He's the seventh guy to hold the job in seven years, and that would seem to indicate that the long-troubled Black Rock jocks are still in bad shape, are still flailing around in search of a leader who can straighten things out. But, no, this switch is happening at a time when CBS Sports is perhaps in better shape than it has been in a decade or more.

First, let's introduce the new man—Neal H. Pilson, 41, a tall, polished Yale Law School grad. His athletic credentials include varsity basketball at Hamilton College and a love of ice hockey. He coached his son's hockey team for six years and plays for the CBS six. Immediately before taking over as sports president on Nov. 23, Pilson was something called—get ready—Senior Vice President, Planning and Administration, CBS/Broadcast Group, in charge of Strategic Planning, Personnel, Research and New Ventures. Before that, Pilson worked in CBS's Department of Sports Business Affairs, where he had a hand in drawing up various rights contracts, including the agreements with the NFL and the NBA. If God and/or William S. Paley (they're interchangeable at Black Rock) are willing, Pilson would like to spend a little time in grade before the CBS Sports door revolves again. "I'm dealing with a five-year perspective on this job," he says.

And why, when others have sailed in and out so quickly, should Pilson anticipate such longevity? The main reason is the portly, bearded, rumpled fellow who just shambled out the door, Van Gordon Sauter. A former newspaperman, CBS censor and failed on-air anchorman, Sauter, 46, has enjoyed one of the oddest successful careers in all network television. His latest job change was no more predictable than the others. Sauter had spent precisely 16 months and 11 days as CBS Sports President when he was given

one of the brightest jewels at Black Rock: the presidency of CBS News.

Why?

It's no secret that CBS News is plagued by an overall sense of inertia, low morale, lack of direction, confusion over what to do without Walter Cronkite, confusion over what to do with Dan Rather. Sauter is known as a trouble-shooter, a reputation he enhanced at CBS Sports. When he arrived to run that \$300 million-a-year operation on July 11, 1980, CBS trailed ABC and NBC in almost every aspect of sports programming. There had been a mini-scandal in 1977 involving fraudulently promoted "winner-take-all" tennis matches in which the losers got a lot of the "all." CBS had lost the rights to the Kentucky Derby and Preakness to ABC. It had seen a steady drop in its golf ratings. Its anthology show, *Sports Spectacular*, had become so full of trash events that Sauter himself characterized it as being "neither sports nor spectacular."



Pilson now has a vested interest in sports.

As the revolving door turns

CBS Sports has yet another boss, but he should love the spin he's in

A mess. And more amazing, the man who was supposed to straighten it all out has always admitted that he cares little about sport. Sauter's disinterest dates back to his early teens when he was briefly bent on becoming a professional boxer—until, he says, "I discovered girls and realized that just was a meaningful alternative to pain." His attitude never changed. Recently, Sauter said of sport, "It's all so inconsequential. I can't believe articulate, sensitive, intelligent people take it so seriously."

Obviously he took something very seriously at CBS Sports, because in the brief time he ruled Sauter turned the operation around. By juggling some of the half-dead NFL announcing terms, he brought the network's pro football telecasts to life. He got the feisty bunch on *The NFL Today* to stop exchanging punches in barrooms and putting on air.

He introduced some fairly trenchant journalistic pieces into the limp format of *Sports Spectacular*. Most important, thanks to some abominable judgment on the part of NBC, he landed a piece of both NCAA football and NCAA basketball. Those who worked for Sauter at CBS Sports view him, plainly, as a media messiah.

His is a hard act to follow. But Pilson will be operating with a different set of priorities. Whereas Sauter charged in, bruised egos, rocked boats and generally disrupted the status quo not only at CBS but in TV sports generally, Pilson's job will be to make these changes work—and make them pay. Sauter in his baggy corduroys and Top-siders will now be replaced by old-fashioned, three-piece, bottom-line management. The fun part may be over, but the real game at CBS Sports is just beginning. **END**



BONNIE PRINCE OF THE FLIES

*A gift from the Prince of Wales to the BBC producer of the Royal
Wedding left a regal air to a trek into the Canadian Rockies*

BY CLIVE GAMMON



*Saving the New Zealand fly (above), the
author tossed out a Swedish spoon instead.*

CONTINUED

PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

of the way home when it was hit with a violence that made any fantasy thumblooded.

The reel sang its high, screeching obbligato, on and on, and then this marvelous silver and rose beauty was breaching clear of the water once, twice, three times, and I could see the plastic of the reel spool showing through. That meant almost 200 yards of line had been ripped away and the smash would come any second. Still I yelled across the sounding board of the lake for a landing net—not

I'd waded through the frigid shallows in jeans and sneakers as far as the southwest corner of the lake, where a high yellow cliff blocked my way. Then I looked down into the water, and a wave of vertigo grasped and shook me as if I had been climbing the face of the cliff itself.

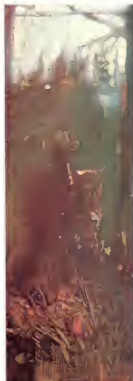
There was a touch of sharp fear also. How far down into that lapping, bottle-green water could I see? Fifty feet, a hundred? Those white and fibrous ghosts of ancient spruces that the refracted light made shift and roll, how deep were they? And what could live under the ledges, in the gouged-out caverns of the underwater cliff that fell away close to vertically?

It was a far less rational fear than the one I was entitled to feel, that suddenly the willows behind me would snap and crash and a bear materialize. There were grizzlies enough in the snow slides around the lake, those verdant lanes down the mountainsides where spring avalanches had smashed through the trees and cleared the way for the sweet young growth the bears relish.

If I tossed out the little Swedish spoon

again, something Jungian was asking me, what aqueous horror, unknown to biologists, would slide from its lair and absorb it as it twinkled through the depths? Until now I had waded across a broad, knee-deep shelf. But here the drop-off was almost immediate. I had a couple of feet of standing room at the most.

I shook off the foolishness. Away at the far end of the lake I could see a patch of bright red, the little inflatable boat we had packed into the lake and which could only take two. Even now, I reckoned, Cranston, the guide, would be unloading Begg and the fly-fishing gear at the stream mouth, and then he would be heading back for me. Any moment now I would hear the motor start up. Then I would take off the small, slim, silver and brass spoon and head for the landing place, but meanwhile there was time for a cast or two. The vertigo, the chill of fear had gone. All there was in front of me was deep water with some dead trees and rocks in it. I swung the spoon back over my shoulder, flipped it out, let it sink a touch and started a slow, fluttering retrieve. It must have traveled two-thirds



that anything we carried would have encompassed the biggest trout I had ever seen. And, shaking as I was, there was time for a fleeting thought: This was the Balmoral Trout, the one that should have been for Charlie.

This story, it should be understood, had its real beginning in London, in Buckingham Palace if you are willing to stretch a point, but more properly in the Flyfishers' Club on Brooke Street, where, earlier in the year, I was lunching with an old friend, Michael Begg. He is a

TV producer for the BBC and he was looking more haggard than usual. He was not reticent about the reason. Upon his shoulders, he had just learned, had been put the responsibility of covering the wedding of the Prince of Wales in July. The way he talked, it was like being granted the honor of being the first man to try to climb Everest in tennis shoes. "Sixty-eight cameras," he was saying, "and me in the middle." He could be knighted, I suggested lightheartedly, if all went well.

"Or unemployed," he said, moodily pushing his Dover sole around the plate. A silence fell. Then—a man seeing the first crack of light at the end of the tunnel—he thought of something. "You got any plans for Afterward?" he asked me. "Fishing plans?" Time, for Begg, was clearly divided between the gray Now and the rosy Afterward.

It happened that I did. I had been in touch with a Vancouver lawyer by the name of Greg Cranston who was running an operation in northern

continued



Switches and Buckskin Jesus carried the fishermen to Deep Lake, a five-hour journey through the spruce and streams of the steep Redoubt trail.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

British Columbia which he hoped would be different from the fly-in, booze-up, fly-out deal that so many wilderness fishing camps too often turn out to be. I told Begg about the packhorse train that we would be taking into the mountains, the mighty Dolly Vardens, the incredible grayling and the secret lake with the giant rainbows. "Can I come?" Begg asked pitifully.

The man had to have something to

live for. "Sure," I said. We left it that we would meet in Vancouver, not the day after the wedding, as Begg urged, but very soon afterward. We would iron out the details then; Begg, I reasoned, would be incapable of coherent plans before that. I was mistaken.

A week before the wedding he called me. He had been at Buckingham Palace, he said, taping an interview with the Prince of Wales. It had gone well

enough, but he hadn't called to tell me that. The interview over, Charles had relaxed. He seemed to realize that Begg was under some strain also, and had asked him if he planned to take time off once the wedding was over. So Mike told him about our B.C. trip.

At the mention of fishing, Begg said, Charles became considerably animated and pulled out his desk drawer, which proved to be crammed full of fishing tackle.

"Try this one," he said, selecting a fly. "Got it from New Zealand."

"Red Setter," Mike said, recognizing the pattern. "They make 'em from the tail hairs."

"Looks like the whole damn dog to me," said the future monarch, and that was that.

"Do you realize," Mike now said to me on the phone, "if one of us catches a huge rainbow on that, I'll report back and maybe we'll get invited to fish Balmoral." The royal stretch of the River Dee at Balmoral is perhaps the most delectable beat on one of the most delectable of Scottish salmon rivers.

"Look after it," I told him.

And indeed the fly was the first thing he produced when I met him, eventually, late at night in a Vancouver hotel room. He was jet-lagged, his body clock was eight hours adrift, but he was wedding-free at last and he had the Red Setter scotch-taped to the inside of his passport. Naturally, we couldn't keep calling it that. The Prince of Wales' Feathers? Too formal. Charlie's Angel? Too flip. In the end we settled for just Charlie. "Should I put it in the hotel safe?" Mike asked.

He was only 25% joking, though, and Charlie was kept under tight security when, later, we headed north to Fort Saint John. In Vancouver we had bought other flies, local patterns, but Charlie was not expected to mingle with them in the fly box. We had bought a heavy, sinking No. 9 fly line also, to get Charlie down deep to where the big trout might be. Would a big Dolly Varden, which is really a char, or a trophy grayling count as a Balmoral fish? Possibly. *continued*



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PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued



It was the biggest rainbow trout they had ever seen, but would it bring an invitation to Balmora?

it was decided, but a mighty rainbow had to be the true target.

On the 450-mile flight to Fort Saint John, Begg had his first opportunity to study the fishing prospectus that Cranston put out.

"This is not a drinking camp," he read starkly from the sheet, and went on to quote a *prim phrase* about a glass of wine at dinner being permissible. "Thank you very much," cried Begg, whose family name is an honored one among Scotch whisky distillers.

Not altogether oddly, a couple of months earlier I had myself quoted the same words to Cranston over the phone. He had never intended them to be taken literally, Cranston said. They were there to put off the sort of outdoorsmen, common in hunting camps, who fly in with cases of the hard stuff, get their moose the first day and spend the rest of the week stumbling from stupor to stupor. I could see the point. In particular I recalled a week in a Costa Rican fishing camp made miserable by a crowd from Macon, Ga., who caught two fish all week and breakfasted on vodka.

So I was able to calm Begg, who was pointing out that he had not flown 6,000

miles to vacation at a health farm. "A couple or three stiff ones after fishing have been cleared with the management," I told him. "And if Charlie scores, the bar stays open late. We have time to stock up in Fort Saint John."

There seemed to be plenty of time indeed. This was Aug. 3, and the floatplane that would take us to Cranston's base camp, deep in the Canadian Rockies, was not scheduled to ferry us out until the following morning. It even seemed possible that the local liquor store might have a bottle or two of the appropriate thing, *genuine* 12-year-old Begg's Scotch whisky.

If it did, we didn't come near it. Let future travelers to the Far North be advised that Aug. 3 is British Columbia Day, whereon every shop in Fort Saint John is locked up tight. Short of constructing our own camp distillery, it looked as if any victory of Charlie's would have to go untoasted. We might have had a shot at stocking liquor the following morning, but, as if by inexorable fate, we had been in our hotel for only an hour when the floatplane pilot called up to say he wanted to ship us out to camp immediately.

And so, boozeless, a couple of hours later we were bounding in the thermals over the high peaks, and the small deprivation dissolved as we projected into the green-glass lakes and the cotton-thread rivers below the grayling, trout and char that dreams are made of. And then we were sliding low through a pass and slapping down on the water. Home Lake, Cranston calls it. "Call it that when you write about it," he had told me. "The real name would bring the meat fishermen in."

Cranston was just coming in from fishing when we landed, a short, plump man of 33, who, it turned out, had plotted for a year and a half for his two months' guiding in the bush. "I didn't book any trials from June to September," he told us later. Which may account for the fact that he is probably the only criminal lawyer in Vancouver who drives a '66 GMC pickup.

The floatplane left and the silence settled in. We were 200 miles from a road, as the golden eagle flies, and the evening air was just taking on its first chill. The greetings over, Cranston left us for some unnamed mission, which gave Begg the chance for a swift survey of the cabin shelves. "Sherry sherry," he reported, "and not even dry."

It would be good for Charlie, though. We'd be putting in a lot of fishing hours. A small creek ran alongside the cabin and emptied into the lake not 50 yards away. It looked a perfect spot for a fish and maybe for the baptizing of Charlie. I suggested this.

"What do you reckon?" Begg asked sardonically. "Twelve-pound leader?"

"Fifteen," I bid.

"Wire," raised Begg. Clearly we had hit on a problem we should have anticipated. It would be anticlimactic to lose Charlie on the first evening, indeed on any evening, to a weed bed or a sunken branch. So how to fish it then without taking out absurd insurance in the way of heavy tackle?

The problem stayed unsolved because now Cranston was back. "Sauna before supper?" he asked. And, by heaven, he led us to the back of the cabin—which had no plumbing or electricity—where stood an improvised hot room sealed off with plastic sheeting, with a massive wood stove burning. "How about the

continued

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PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

cold bit?" I asked, though I had guessed the answer before Cranston pointed to the turbulent, glacier-fed stream.

"Pass," I said.

"I had a shower in the hotel this morning," said Begg. You have to put your foot down, or before you know it you are on a health farm. In such institutions, though, they rarely serve up moose steaks and fried potatoes, such as Cranston now had sizzling, nor is the after-dinner entertainment rich and gaudy fish talk such as followed this meal.

In the morning, Cranston said, we would fish Home Lake, on our doorstep. We would not look for monsters, though there were very big Dolly Vardens and who-knows-what in the lake depths should we wish to haul a heavy spoon around on a down-rigger. That would be a shame, though, for the shallows were full of free-rising native rainbows, up to three pounds, mainly.

It would be the right kind of workout for us, he went on, before the serious fishing started, the long horse trek over the mountains so what we should be careful to refer to as Don Lake, though that was not the name it was known by. There we might find such fish that would spoil us, cause us to put our rods away

forever, because we would never hope to find their equal.

Or it was something like that he was saying because by now, moose-satiated, I was dozing at the table and great, heral-dic trout, all rose, mauve and silver, rolled at a bountiful hatch of flies. The next thing I clearly recollect was the morning light pouring into the cabin and Cranston with coffee. "No hurry," he said. "The fish are gentlemen here. They start to rise around 10 a.m." It figured, of course. The nights were very cold and the sun would have to warm the lake shallows before flies would hatch and cause the trout to move in.

The weather was gentlemanly, too, with no more than a wisp or two of cumulus hanging over the snowy cap of Cloud Maker, the peak that towered above the cabin. We pushed the boat out from the creek mouth and headed for the western end of the lake. Long before we reached it we could see the rings of rising fish.

"There's one for Charlie there," I said to Mike, but already in his eye was the fanatic gleam of the far-gone dry-fly junkie Royal as it might be, Charlie was still a wet fly, a lure if the truth be known, to be fished subsurface. As Cranston cut the engine and we drifted closer to the trout, it was plain to see that they were taking surface insects.

It was a benign moment for dry-fly

fishing and for Begg, who had learned his angling on the classic chalk streams of southern England, on the Kennet and the Test, where the art of the dry fly had been born and nurtured to its ultimate sophistication.

Not that much sophistication was needed on Home Lake. The hatch itself was a raucous parade of mayflies and sedges led in its various stages by an occasional, enormous, silver-winged salmon fly. And the rainbows loved all of them. They loved our imitations, too, in particular Begg's big Yellow Sally, a mayfly tied for those English chalk streams, and, though there were pauses, the action went on until the sun was low.

The fish were extraordinary fighters, even for rainbows, the true Kamloops strain that are almost pure silver, very late in developing the pink flush along the lateral line. Each pound-and-a-half fish was three pounds until you saw it, each two-pounder fought like a trout twice its size. We kept the first three fish, an adequate supper, and lost count of the releases.

In one of the pauses I urged Mike to give Charlie a shot. Although it was somewhat flamboyant, sunk deep and inched back it might draw a fish larger than the two-pounders which we had been catching in indecent numbers. "I put it in my wet-fly box," he confessed, hauling that article from his *continued*

From left, Cranston, Begg and Mickey and Ray Watkins arrive to Gammon's (on horse) catch.



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PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

fishing vest and opening it carelessly.

At that very moment, from the sides of Cloud Maker far above us, came a puff of wind. The boat swung at its anchor. Mike's arm jerked and about half the contents of the compartmented fly box flapped into the lake and sank out of reach. "My God, it's gone!" he shouted.

For a moment, as we scrambled through the flies left in the box, it seemed as if Charlie had indeed been lost untested. But then I looked down to my feet and saw that some of the missing flies were in the bottom of the boat, swirling about in that little pool of muddy water that collects in every fishing craft. I put my hand in and dredged up Charlie. It was locked in a close embrace with a Connemara Black.

We had both been fishing long enough to recognize an omen. The old Indian gods up on Cloud Maker were telling us to hold Charlie for another time, and we obeyed them. Charlie was destined for Don Lake.

That night, Don Lake was all we talked of. It had been named for Don Peck. Cranston said, a respected Fort Saint John hunting outfitter who had died a couple of years before. Peck, it seemed, had ridden by the lake on hunting trips. It was 1,000 feet higher than Home Lake and barren of fish, for the simple reason that its outflowing stream spilled over the mountainside in a waterfall so spectacular that no trout had ever been able to push up from the Peice River system and populate it.

Which seemed a shame to Peck. So much so that one day, around 10 years ago as far as Cranston could recollect, Peck horse-packed in a water container with a dozen Home Lake rainbows swimming around in it. The trail he took was the one along which we would be heading the following morning—the Bedaux trail.

Which led the conversation to Monsieur Bedaux, who, it seemed, was a latter-day voyageur who in 1930 conceived the outlandish notion of leading a caravan of Citroën half-trucks from the Alaska Highway across the Rockies to the Pacific. Naturally enough, he ground to a halt, somewhere in Peck country, and among many other things he abandoned were several copper-bottomed metal panners filled with gas that he had load-



In the evening chill, the floatplane loaded, leaving them, homeless, 200 miles from any road.

ed on the ponies that accompanied his expedition. Fittingly, it was one of those old containers that Peck had used for his rainbow-seeding operation.

"Can't recall who caught the first fish up there," Cranston said as he served up a Waldorf salad to go with the trout. "Could have been Don himself. But it was big, how big I don't know. That lake up there proved to be full up with Gammarus, freshwater shrimp, and all those 12 lucky trout had to do was open their mouths and browse. They reproduced fine, too.

"There's a drawback, of course," he went on. "The Don Lake fish are very hard to catch. Too well fed. We got nothing the last time I was up there, and just two the time before. But one of those measured 28 inches long."

"A Charlie fish," I said.

"Right on!" said Mike. "Tomorrow we hit him!"

But Cloud Maker vetoed that. We awoke to gray curtains of rain sweeping in from the Pacific and the entirely credible information from Cranston that a four- or five-hour horse trek in that would be misery. We headed up to the far end of Home Lake and there was no hatch. In the afternoon we were reduced to trolling for the supper fish and Begg dropped his Swiss Army knife in 50 feet of water. We hit our lowest point when we hung strips of bacon fat on the hooks of our spoons and hauled Dolly Varden out of the creek mouth. But even at this low ebb, no one suggested similarly adorning Charlie's hook point.

The gray, wet night was what Scotch had been invented for, but we could look for no consolation there, either. "I was going to give you fellas lemon meringue pie tonight," said Cranston, who was beginning to prove that if he hadn't two professions already, he might well hire out as a five-star chef. "I had two lemons saved for tonight but somebody must have been in here and used them."

In the end, it was the radio that saved the evening, when we tuned in to the forecast. The front was going through, it said: Tomorrow would be blue skies. If we'd had the means we'd have drunk to the weatherman.

And toasted him again in the morning, because he was absolutely right. We loaded up the boat and headed down to the foot of the lake, where Ray Watkins, the wrangler, and his wife, Mackey, had their corral of horses, and where I met Switches, my mount. She was a sorrel Appaloosa, ugly as a mud fence, as Watkins rightly said, and she began our relationship with a sneer. Begg's four-legged friend seemed no improvement, a big, pale, lazy horse named Buckskin Jesus for reasons that were explained but remained obscure. "They stay out here all winter," Watkins said proudly. "feed with the moose and the caribou, fight off the wolves and the grizzlies."

"I thought they looked tired," Begg said, sotto voce, but aside from us dudes everybody was busy with the intricate and highly skilled business of loading up

continued

PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

the horses so that the punniers balanced perfectly and the ropes never slackened.

It was two hours before they had the loads right, and then the trek to Don Lake began, at first through swampy, gently rising ground, through thickets of stunted willow enclosing the mouth of a small valley, where, Watkins now lightly informed us, a grizzly had chased an Indian boy and him a couple of weeks earlier. Until the wrangler described it, I'd had no notion of the terrifying speed of such a huge animal over the ground, hind legs reaching forward like a greyhound's to overtake the front pair. Taking his word for it, I kicked on Switches until his nose bumped Buckskin Jesus' rear end.

Later, under the high midday sun, we began climbing steeply through the silent, birdless spruce woods, gigantic dun and mahogany fungi sprouting from the tree roots. Then we were over a crest and dismounting, leading the horses down steep wet rocks and hearing, ever so faintly, the distant roar of the river in the valley.

It was another hour before we reached it, though, and right away all thoughts of stopping to fish went from our minds. Grayling we'd hoped for, but this river was opaque white from snow melt and silt. For three miles we followed it, crisscrossing it, fording as deep as the horses' shoulders sometimes.

Then there was another mountainside to climb and another long descent, the horses picking their way over endless tree roots, down miry slides. Altogether we had been going more than four hours when suddenly we were out of the trees and into a sunlit alpine meadow with long sweet grass and an extravaganza of wildflowers—the blue of larkspur, the bold red of Indian paintbrush. And beyond the meadow, under the still unmelting snow of the mountain slope, gleamed Don Lake.

Something else gleamed also, though, and our hearts sank. The sun flashed on a lund red never seen in nature, on white and on silvery chrome. We rode on. Yes, there was a floatplane moored by the far

shore of the secret lake, and I thought ironically of something that Cranston had said the previous evening: "Twenty years from now, not many people will be able to say they ran a pack train. There'll be airstrips cut out everywhere in the bush, floatplanes on every lake."

He also had explained his own hope that he could keep fishing in the old way. "I could easily put a gasoline stove, a propane fridge, a generator in camp," he said. "Hell, you can arrive in the wilder-



The first three fish from Home Lake were for supper, the rest were for fun

ness these days and there's a TV blaring—there's a diesel generator in camp." He liked hot cakes over the fire, he had said, and the satisfaction of catching trout that you had paid for with the aching muscles of a five-hour ride over rough country. Cruelly, it seemed now, he was being shown how anachronistic his notions were.

At the lakeside, though, the conflict faded from my mind. I sat on a tree stump knowing that I would never fish again. Or possibly even walk. Switches, I was convinced, had permanently shifted the lie of my pelvis. Also, there seemed something gravely wrong with my knees. The Watkinses and Cranston got the fire going and rigged the beavouacs as if they had been on a half-mile stroll. Even Begg was actually moving around, putting his fishing gear together.

The inflatable we had packed in, I knew, would only hold two. It was no self-sacrifice to say to Mike, "You go down the lake with Greg first while I put a few things together."

They were gone a long time, though. I

got the glass on them and saw that they were stopping to investigate each little bay they passed. Then, little by little, I realized I could walk again. I might just as well pass the time, I thought, tossing a spoon around in the depths close to camp until Cranston came back for me.

And that was how I came to encounter the biggest trout of my life, and why, a half-hour later, I was standing deep in freezing water, all aches vanished, and freely cursing the smart-aleck clerk in the

Vancouver tackle shop who had sold me what proved to be the wrong-sized spool as a spare for my spinning reel, the spare I had intended to fill with 12-pound test for such an encounter as this.

Instead I had had to use the regular one with the arbor clipped on it so that it held barely 200 yards of wispy 8-pound test. That arbor was showing through right now, and I was all set to lose the fish of a lifetime. With my rod held high, I scrambled back along the ledge, trying to reach the broader shallows and to put a little bit of sidestrain on the trout.

When it turned, I don't think there were more than five yards of line remaining on the spool. I was trembling all over and I kept up the yelling. "Net! Net!" though I knew that I would have to play that fish until it was close on dead so that I could slide it onto the pebbles and get a hand under its gills.

It was more than 30 minutes before I saw it clearly again. In the interval there were three more major runs, though none as far as the first, each ending in a heavy surface roll instead of a jump. Later the fish sounded, going for the deep logs, bulldozing it like a big tuna. I felt no obstruction, but later, just four inches up from the spoon I could see how the monofilament had abraded shockingly.

It was lucky I had no idea of that at the time. Otherwise I would never have had the confidence, in the end, to put pressure on the fish and see him come up and roll five yards out in a way that said he was hard up, nearly gone. And then, with infinite care, to slide its head and shoulders out of the water.

continued



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PRINCE CHARLIE'S FLY

continued

I was still shaking when Greg arrived. By then I had given the great trout its quietus with a heavy stick. At that point, there was no way in the world that I was going to return him to the lake: It was pure atavism which made me hold him aloft and grin like a wolf as the inflatable approached shore.

Cranston was awed also. It was the biggest rainbow he had seen. For the record it was 30 inches long, 17 inches in girth and weighed—in three sections because our scales were inadequate—a little under 15 pounds. The odd ounces we granted it for the blood it lost in the cutting-up process, so we called it 15—I had no plans to enter any trophy competitions. It was a cock fish, crammed with shrimp and, for heaven's sake, chironomid pupae, smaller fish food than which can hardly be found until you get down to the diatom league. It cut as red as a salmon, and it was delicious.

It was quite a time before the weighing was done: We had waited for Mike to be ferried back first, and I could see that the same unworthy thought was crossing his mind as it was mine. So easy, it would be, to stick Charlie into the jaws of the great trout and snap the picture. Then, heigh-ho for Balmoral on the Dee! Unspoken, though, the unworthy thought passed, and then Begg was reporting on his fishing.

At the far end of the lake, he said, where the stream tumbled out, the trout were as crazy for the dry fly as they had

been on Home Lake, only they were bigger. "The finest dry-fly fishing I have ever experienced!" he was babbling—but he in his turn was cut short by Greg. "Look!" he said, and there, heading toward us across the lake at taxing speed was the floatplane. "They had binoculars on you all the time you were playing the big one," he said. "I know, because I had my glasses on them."

So we walked down to the shore, the three of us, as if it were High Noon, except that I was wearing a fishing cap with a piece chewed out of the bill by a Labrador I once owned. Then the floats were touching shore and two men got out. "Must be a pretty proud fisherman," one of them said to me. "How much did he weigh?"

From the corner of my eye, I could see Cranston glaring at me. "Five pounds," I said brassy. I got a long, cool stare. That evening, the hospitality code of the wilderness was broken: No invitation to camp was issued, no viewing of the trout permitted. The confrontation ended awkwardly and the plane left. "It'll be all over Vancouver by the weekend," Cranston mourned.

But Begg and I were already thinking of other things. We had one more full day at Don Lake and it had to be dedicated to Charlie. We would spend it, we decided, at the stream mouth rather than under the menacing cliff where the monster had hit. You could fish a week there and not see another fish like it.

Next morning it took a lot of resolution to ignore the free-rising rainbows and put on the sinking line and use Charlie, but it was done, and it worked fine.

Those marvelous cold-water two- and three-pound British Columbia rainbows loved it, ate it, leapt high in the water with it, and dutifully we snapped them as they were netted and released.

It was well after midday, indeed, when the Balmoral Trout came along and hit it so hard that the rod stopped in Begg's hands as if a grizzly had come out of the willows and grabbed his wrist. A heavy, deepwater take.

There might, you think, be only two endings to the story here—the triumphant landing of Charlie's Rainbow or the tragic loss of the royal fly as the big fish parted the leader.

But neither actually happened. The reel screamed as the trout surged away. Then, suddenly, the line was slack. Begg reeled in. Charlie was still there, but he had no barb. Somehow, probably on a careless back cast, the line had dropped low and the barb must have snicked off on a stone.

In a way, though, it was an acceptable ending. Begg had a story to tell back in London. He could even present the somewhat tattered remains of Charlie to the Flyfishers' Club.

As it happened, that turned out to be impossible. Nowhere on the hallowed walls of the Flyfishers' Club will Charlie be mounted as part of the club's imposing collection of angling memorabilia, which includes the leather creel that Isaac Walton carried his catch home in. For there is a sad postscript to the story.

Mike flew back to London, picked up his car at Heathrow and drove home. He went inside for a moment, then returned to the street to unload his baggage. No baggage, no rods, no reels, no Charlie. London, they say, is getting as bad as New York.

So Charlie's fate will never be known. Tossed away contemptuously in some garbage can, no doubt, with other unsalable items.

I have a better theory, though, just within the realm of possibility. Charlie was thrown into a gutter, was flushed down a storm drain and fetched up in the Thames estuary where a salmon—yes, salmon are coming back to the Thames—caught the glint of its tinsel, swirled, grabbed it. . . .

Well, stranger things, indeed, have happened.

END

The horses stay out all winter, feeding with caribou and moose, feeding off walrus and grizzlies.



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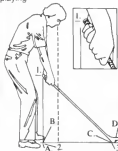
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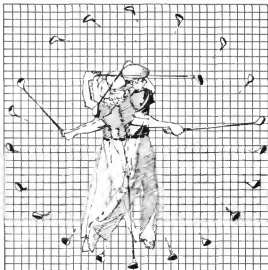
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 11-12

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

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[illegible]

BOWLING—In his second professional tournament, JAMES MILLER defeated Eric Weber 224-196 to win a \$150,000 PBA event in Las Vegas.

BOXING—SERGIO PALMA won a 15-round decision over Jorge Lujan to retain his WBA junior featherweight title in Coricoba, Argentina.

ROLANDO NAVARETTE knocked out Chung-il Choi in the 11th round at Mandalay to retain his WBC super featherweight title.

GOLF—ED FLORES birdied the 72nd hole to force a playoff and then beat Tom Kite on the second hole of sudden death to win the \$304,500 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. Each shot a 25-under-par 335.

HOCKEY—Nearly 16,000 adults in Philadelphia flocked to the snow to get to The Spectrum for a look at Wayne Gretzky, the Edmonton scoring machine who has been traded to the Los Angeles Kings. In the last time the two teams met, the crowd groined him with a sign that read "GO OUT CANADIAN," which was taken down by police before it could do much harm and embarrassing the Oilers 8-3. The Flyers, who beat Montreal 4-2 and Boston 7-1 to win the first round of the playoffs, were the only team without fansiders, who blew an early 3-1 lead and lost 4-3 to Boston and later tied Washington 7-7. Buffalo won 4-3 over Pittsburgh, while the Islanders took the game 6-3. Toronto 8-2 and Hartford 7-1 to stay atop the Adams Division. Against the Leafs, Selkirk F.C., a 19-year NHL curfew. For a while Minnesota and St. Louis tried to play geography with the North Division's New York Rangers, who had a bye against the Canadiens and the Blues. Still 6-2 to Quebec. Then, when Minnesota ended a five-game winless streak with a 4-1 victory over the Canadiens, the Blues kept pace, beating Chicago 8-6 as Joe Mullen scored two goals and defenseman Ken Wilson tied the record for most assists in one game with four. He had had four in his 20 previous NHL games. Minnesota finally claimed first place for itself with a 4-1 triumph over the Bruins. The Oilers were dumped badly on the road by the Stars 6-1, while Washington 6-0 on Dennis Maruk's goal. The Canucks scored twice before the Oilers, then 7-1 to Calgary. St. Louis and Detroit made the Edmonton lock consecutive games. Against the Leafs, Oiler goalie Grant Fuhr hit the tongue of a fan who pulled off his seat cushion.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL. After scoring first goal against Denver Nov. 29, Pittsburgh's Nathan Socko

had only one goal in the next 12 games. Then with the Spirit trading Western Division leader St. Louis 4-1, Sacks hit first goal in nine maraudes. Stan Terlecki, who had scored on three of Sacks' goals, fed the game-winner to John O'Hara as the Spirit ended the Strainers' eight-game win streak 6-5. The win moved Pittsburgh within half a game of idle New York, which leads the Eastern Division.

NASL Vancouver sweeps three games, beating San Diego 9-8 and Western Division-leading San Jose 10-2 and 3-2 to take a half game lead over Edmonton in the Northwestern Division. Central Division-leading Chicago edged Jacksonville 6-5 in its only game. After losing to New York 5-4, Montreal strengthened its hold on first in the Eastern Division by beating Tampa Bay 6-5.

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Anne Smith 6-2, 6-3 in the final of a \$700,000 tournament in Landover, Md.

IVAN LENDI, defeated Vito Gerulaitis 6-7, 2-6, 7-6, 6-7, 6-4, to win the \$400,000 Masters Grand Prix in New York City (page 18)

BARBARA POTTER beat Bettina Bangs 6-4, 7-6 to win a \$150,000 tournament in Cincinnati.

TRACK & FIELD—CAREL LEWIS of the U.S. long-jumped 28 1/2' at the U.S. Olympic Invitational in East Rutherford, N.J. to break his own indoor world record by 2 1/2' inches (page 14)

MILEPOSTS—CONVICTED By a U.S. District Court jury, Sports Promoter HAROLD ROSS-FIELD SMITH, 38, of embezzling \$21.3 million from Wells Fargo Bank. Smith was found guilty on 29 counts of fraud and embezzlement of money used to promote track meets and championship board matches.

ELECTED To the baseball Hall of Fame, HANK AARON, 47, who batted .350 in 23 seasons, playing for the Milwaukee and Atlanta Braves (1954-74) and Milwaukee Brewers (1975-76), won three Gold Gloves, was the National League MVP in 1957 and set major league records for home runs (755), RBIs (2,297), extra-base hits (1,477), games (3,230) and at bats (12,340), and FRANK ROBINSON, 46, who batted .290 in 21 seasons, mainly in 21 seasons playing for the Cincinnati Reds (1955-69), Baltimore Orioles (1966-71), Los Angeles Dodgers (1972), California Angels (1973-74) and Cleveland Indians (1975-76), won the American League Triple Crown in 1966 and is the only player to have won an MVP award on both leagues.

NAMED as coach of the New England Patriots, RON MEYER, 40, whose 1981 team at Southern Methodist won the Southwest Conference title and finished with a 10-1 record. Meyer was 34-31-1 in six seasons at SMU.

As football coach at the University of Maryland, BOBBY BOSS, 45, an assistant coach for the Kansas City Chiefs the last four years.

PLACED IN PROBATION For three years by the NCAA, Wichita State's basketball program, for recruiting and other violations. The Shockers are ineligible for postseason play this year and in 1983, and were stripped of one basketball scholarship for each of the next two seasons.

DIED: University of Arizona Track Coach WILLIE WILLIAMS, 41, who was starting his 13th season with the Wildcats and who had been named in the sprint coach for the 1984 U.S. Olympic team, of an apparent suicide, in Tucson.

DIED: Sportswriter **RED SMITH**, 78, who spent 46 of his 55 years in journalism writing sports columns for *The Philadelphia Record*, *The New York Herald Tribune*, *New York World Journal Tribune*, *Publishers Newspaper Syndicate* and *The New York Times*, of heart failure, in Stamford, Conn. In 1975 Smith became the second sportswriter to receive a Pulitzer Prize (page 9).

CREDITS

4—Gene Ulrich 54.70—George Tiedemann 50—John Jacobs 17—George Tiedemann 22—John Jacobs 23—Richard Mackson 36—Andy Mayt 25—Nancy Klusman (occ) Andy Mayt 25—John Jacobs (occ) Andy Mayt 25—Walter Jones Jr. Fred Ronald C. Roberts 36—Ronald C. Roberts 41—Andy Mayt 44—Nancy Mayt 44—Richard Mackson 44.43—Nancy Mayt 44—Richard Mackson 51—Jerry Viamore 56—George Tiedemann 55—Lane Stewart 39—Ted Steinhilber, Darlene Wolcott

FACES IN THE CROWD



HARRY BONNER
Chair, 2006-2007

Bonner, 55, a school maintenance supervisor and a nine-handicap golfer, has shot 54 holes in one. He got his first ace in July 1969, on the Robert Park (Calif.) Municipal Golf Course, and has had 37 of the others on a course at Las Gallinas.



CINGY RUNNETT
VILLAGE 4, P4

Rumrort, a junior at The College of Wooster (Ohio), scored 46 goals in leading the Scotties' field hockey team to a 20-5 record and third place in the AAUW Division III tournament. She scored six goals in each of three games.



PEREZ ELDER
Walden 8.22 C-4

Perez, 9, scored 40 TDs while playing tailback for the Watkinsville Rockets youth football team that had a 16-0 record for the 1980 and '81 seasons and won two northeast Georgia titles. He got no more than four touchdowns in any game.



CHRISTI WOOLGER
Frost Lake, Illinois, U.S.A.

Chris, a senior at Fort Lauderdale High, won the district girls' cross-country title and was fourth at the state meet. She also won the 500-yard freestyle (4:56.73) and 200 IM (2:04.93) at the 1981 girls' state high school swim meet.



WINNIE ROBBETTI
Hornell Beach, N.Y.

Vinow, a senior quarterback for Channahon High, threw two TD passes with each hand in a 28-0 win over Lane High. For the season, he completed 58% (19 of 33) of his passes right-handed and 62% (31 of 50) left-handed.



NAME: _____
COURSE: _____

White, 62, has a combined record of 1,362-54 in 38 years of coaching girls' teams in basketball, volleyball, field hockey, track, softball, golf and badminton at Medora (Carmann) and Northeast Oklahoma Cuyah schools.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE PLAYOFFS

Sir,

I'd like to extend my utmost congratulations to the writers who contributed to SI's 24-page coverage of the college bowl games and the NFL playoffs (Jan. 11). Each article was superbly written, especially John Underwood's splendid piece about the San Diego-Miami contest (*A Game No One Should Have Lost*). Writing like this is the reason I read your magazine. So, to John Papanek, Pat Putnam, Douglas S. Looney, N. Brooks Clark, Craig Neff, Underwood, Jack McCallum, Paul Zimmerman and Bruce Newman, thanks.

MICHAEL T. TOWNSEND
DeWitt, N.Y.

Sir,

Those of us who were lucky enough to see the San Diego-Miami playoff realized we were watching one of pro football's proudest moments. That game had more excitement, drama, big plays and gaudy performances than any other before it. From the players who made the game memorable—Don Sorock, Tony Nathan, Joe Rose, Dan Fouts, James Brooks and Kellen Winslow—to the plays and events such as the early San Diego blow-out, the Miami comeback, the Beaflicker, the missed field goals and the exciting overtime conclusion. It was the greatest football game ever played. This is what football is all about. To San Diego and Miami, I say thank you.

SEAN CRONIN
Buffalo

Sir,

I couldn't agree more with John Underwood's assessment of the San Diego-Miami playoff game. After 60 minutes of NFL action at its all-time best, the overtime was a disappointing denouement in which the Chargers and Dolphins merely battled for field-goal positions.

Underwood didn't offer a solution to the sudden-death dilemma, but I will. Pete Rozelle should rule that next season overtime contests will be decided by a team scoring two field goals or a touchdown. Such a rule would accomplish two things: It would lessen the advantage of winning the coin flip, and it would encourage teams to play for the end zone instead of the goalposts.

It's easy to envision some interesting strategic situations in fifth-quarter games played under this rule. For instance, on fourth and two from the opponent's 30-yard line, do you go for a field goal, which would get you only half the necessary points for a win, or do you go for a first down? If, after an additional 15 minutes of play, the game is still

tied, then perhaps a sudden-death sixth period could be played.

Sure, the game is called football, but I think we all would have preferred to see Kellen Winslow score the winning points by catching another pass rather than to watch Rolf Benirschke kick a winning field goal.

CHUCK BAUTERLIN
Ambler, Pa.

THE BOWLS

Sir,

Now it's for sure, Clemson is No. 1 (Year of the Tigers, Jan. 11). Thanks for the most popular issue of SI ever in Clemson, S.C. However, for the benefit of the unbelievers, you should have mentioned that Clemson beat three of UPI's final Top 10, Georgia, North Carolina and Nebraska.

Watch out for ACC football. Good things are starting to happen.

MICHAEL D. TAYLOR
Greenville, S.C.

Sir,

Your coverage of the bowl games was great, and your selection of Clemson as No. 1 was on the button, but then you went haywire and chose Texas as No. 2. Pitt, the only team with an 11-1 record, soundly defeated Georgia, which went into the bowls as the second-ranked team in the nation, and deserved the No. 2 spot. Sure, Pitt lost 48-14 to Penn State, but you forgot the 42-11 thrashing Texas took at the hands of Arkansas, an unranked team.

LAWRENCE A. REHANEK
Mouri Pleasant, Pa.

Sir,

Your Top 20 is incredible! I would have been severely disappointed to find that Nebraska was not in your Top 5, but I am outraged that the Cornhuskers were left out of your Top 10. How can a team that came within a touchdown and a two-point conversion of beating Clemson be ranked 11th?

JIM WEAVER
Fresno, Calif.

Sir,

An undefeated season does not a No. 1 team make. The best team in the country after all the bowl's was Penn State. Six of Penn State's 12 opponents finished in the Top 20, and three of them were ranked No. 1 at one time or another. Considering only Division I-A teams, the Nittany Lions' opponents had a combined record of 71-33-2, or 679, compared to Clemson's opponents' record of 52-46-1 (530). It would have been a great year for a playoff.

BON JURACH
Frederick, Md.

BOBBY UNSER

Sir,

Thanks to SI and Sam Moses for an excellent article on Bobby Unser ("I Will Go Fast Until the Day I Die," Jan. 11). I attended last year's Indianapolis 500 and there was—and still is—no question in my mind that Bobby Unser won that race. He is a great champion and a great man. I only wish that everyone could see him the way you have portrayed him—the way he really is.

MARCY WATSON
Kokomo, Ind.

Sir,

After reading Sam Moses' article about Bobby Unser, I think you should have titled it "I Will Cheat Until the Day I Die."

I had believed that USAC officials were right in giving the 1981 Indy 500 victory back to Unser. But Unser's attitude—take whatever you think you can get away with, and if you get away with it, it must be right—has left me disillusioned. Apparently, he has been breaking the rules for so long he has lost the ability to distinguish right from wrong. Unser should accept the fact that he was caught this time and suffer the consequences.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Lansing, Mich.

Sir,

I have nothing against Bobby Unser's passing race cars under the yellow flag to win at Indianapolis, but if such activities as hunting polar bears from airplanes, shooting birds off a television antenna in a residential area and disregarding the speed limits on public highways are typical of him, then he gets my vote for Worst Sportsman of the Year.

PETER L. BOWER
Phoenix

Sir,

I hope the people from whose automobiles Bobby Unser once stole engine parts and gasoline didn't need to use their cars for an emergency visit to the hospital, doctor, etc., only to find themselves stranded.

ROBERT H. DAVIES
Upper Merion, N.J.

Sir,

I've been a race fan since 1950, and I've never liked Bobby Unser. Now I know why.

DOROTHY ELLIOTT
Indianapolis

Sir,

For more than 35 years I have represented all of the Unsers, including Jerry Sr., Mom Unser, Bobby and Al, and in addition to being their attorney, I consider myself a member of the Unser family.

Sam Moses' article correctly showed one

Nationwide taste tests prove it! Windsor Canadian beats V.O.!



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19TH HOLE continued

side of Bobby's competitive, compulsive nature and his desire to win, but what it did not show was his tremendous compassion and charity.

For one example, there have been many times when hunters have been in danger of losing their lives and Bobby has fought the elements and fatigue and led rescue parties to them. For another I have brought hundreds of visitors, some of them in wheelchairs, to Bobby's ranch. He has been nothing but courteous and kind to every one of those people, and particularly with the disabled, he has made sure that they left with either a cap, a jacket or some other souvenir.

Bobby doesn't need me or anyone else to defend his life-style. He is a saint and his outward attitude is "I don't give a damn." But I have known him for more than 40 years, and the good that he has done has far outweighed any bad.

THOMAS B. KALLER
Albuquerque

BRILLIANT RESPONSE Sir

As the author of the copyrighted expression "I may not be totally perfect, but parts of me are excellent," which is also the title of my first book of "Brilliant Thoughts," I could not help reacting with mixed emotions to your photograph of Chris Evert Lloyd displaying a T shirt with a pirated version of those words in your April 27 issue (*Love and Love*). I feel it would be only sporting for SPORNS ILLUSTRATED to let me set the record straight.

You might wonder why I should be so anxious to proclaim the truth about this—or any—matter when you consider that my second book is called *I Have Abandoned My Search for Truth, and Am Now Looking for a Good Fantasy*. The explanation probably lies in the title of my third book, *Appreciate Me Now, and Avoid the Rush*.

All my books are published by Woodbridge Press, Santa Barbara, Calif., and all authorized Ashleigh Brilliant T-shirts are produced by Artes Inc. of Overland Park, Kans. ASHLEIGH BRILLIANT
Santa Barbara, Calif.

WARM OUTLOOK Sir

Considering that this country has been going through some of the coldest weather in the 20th century, don't you think it's time for SI to come out with its annual "warm-up issue"? Come on, it's freezing out here!

WARREN BROMBERG
New York City

• It'll be the Feb. 8 issue, only two weeks away—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORNS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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